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*THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL.*¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

CHAPTER I.

'Hullo, Preston! don't trouble to go in.'

The postman, just guiding his bicycle into the Rectory drive, turned at the summons and dismounted. The Rector approached him from the road, and the postman, diving into his letter-bag and into the box of his bicycle, brought out a variety of letters and packages, which he placed in the Rector's hands.

The recipient smiled.

'My word, what a post! I say, Preston, I add to your burdens pretty considerably.'

'It don't matter, sir, I'm sure,' said the postman civilly. 'There's not a deal of letters delivered in this village.'

'No, we don't trouble pen and ink much in Upton,' said the Rector; 'and it's my belief that half the boys and girls that do learn to read and write at school make a point of forgetting it as soon as they can—for all practical purposes, anyway.'

'Well, there's a deal of newspapers read now, sir, compared to what there was.'

'Newspapers? Yes, I do see a *Reynolds*' or a *People* or two about on Sunday. Do you think anybody reads much else than the betting and the police news, eh, Preston?'

Preston looked a little vacant. His expression seemed to say, 'And why should they?' The Rector, with his arms full

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of the post, smiled again and turned away, looking back, however, to say—

‘Wife all right again?’

‘Pretty near, sir; but she’s had an awful bad time, and the doctor—he makes her go careful.’

‘Quite right. Has Miss Puttenham been looking after her?’

‘She’s been most kind, sir, most attentive, she have,’ said the postman warmly, his long hatchet face breaking into animation.

‘Lucky for you!’ said the Rector, walking away. ‘When she cuts in, she’s worth a regiment of doctors. Good-day!’

The postman looked after him with an expression that was not only friendly, but eagerly, militantly friendly; and with a murmured exclamation, he mounted his bicycle and rode off.

Meanwhile the Rector passed on through the gate of the rectory, pausing as he did so with a rueful look at the iron gate itself, which was off its hinges and sorely in want of a coat of new paint.

‘Disgraceful!’ he said to himself; ‘must have a go at it to-morrow. And at the garden, too,’ he added, looking round him. ‘Never saw such a wilderness!’

He was advancing towards a small gabled house of an Early Victorian type, built about 1840 by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on the site of an old clergy house, of which all traces had been ruthlessly effaced. The front garden lying before it was a tangle of old and for the most part ugly trees; elms from which heavy, decayed branches had recently fallen; acacias choked by the ivy which had overgrown them; and a crowded thicket of thorns and hazels, mingled with three or four large and vigorous though very ancient yews, which seemed to have drunk up for themselves all that life from the soil which should have gone to maintain the ragged or sickly shrubbery. The trees also had gradually encroached upon the house, and darkened all the windows on the porch side. On a summer afternoon, the deep shade they made was welcome enough, but on a rainy day the Rector’s front-garden, with its coarse grass, its few straggling rose-bushes, and its pushing throng of half-dead or funereal trees, shed a dank and dripping gloom upon the visitor approaching his front-door. Of this, however, the Rector himself was rarely conscious; and to-day, as he with difficulty gathered all the letters

and packets taken from the postman into one hand, while he opened his front-door with the other, his face showed that the state of his garden had already ceased to trouble him.

He had no sooner turned the handle of the door than a joyous uproar of dogs arose within, and before he had well stepped over the threshold a leaping trio were upon him—two Irish terriers and a graceful young collie, whose rough caresses nearly made him drop his letters.

‘Down, Jack! Be quiet, you rascals! I say—Anne!’

A woman’s voice answered his call.

‘I’m just bringing the tea, sir.’

‘Any letter for me this afternoon?’

‘There’s a note on the hall-table, sir.’

The Rector hurried into the sitting-room to the right of the hall, deposited the letters and packets which he held on a small, tumble-down sofa already littered with books and papers, and returned to the hall-table for the letter. He tore it open, read it with slightly frowning brows and a mouth that worked unconsciously, then thrust it into his pocket and returned to his sitting-room.

‘All right!’ he said to himself. ‘He’s got an odd list of “aggrieved parishioners!”’

The tidings, however, which the letter contained did not seem to distress him. On the contrary, his aspect expressed a singular and cheerful energy, as he sat a few moments on the sofa, softly whistling to himself and staring at the floor. That he was a person extravagantly beloved by his dogs was clearly shown meanwhile by the exuberant attentions and caresses with which they were now loading him.

He shook them off at last with a friendly kick or two, that he might turn to his letters, which he sorted and turned over, much as an epicure studies his *menu* at the Ritz, and with an equally keen sense of pleasure to come.

A letter from Jena, and another from Berlin, addressed in small German handwriting and signed by names familiar to students throughout the world; two or three German reviews, copies of the *Revue Critique* and the *Revue Chrétienne*, a book by Solomon Reinach, and three or four French letters, shown by the cross preceding the signatures to be the letters of priests; a long letter from Oxford, enclosing the proof of an article in a theological review; and, finally, a letter sealed with red wax and

signed 'F. Marcoburg' in a corner of the envelope, which the Rector twirled in his hands a moment without opening.

'After tea,' he said at last, with the sudden breaking of a smile. And he put it on the sofa beside him.

As he spoke the door opened to admit his housekeeper with the tray, to the accompaniment of another orgie of barks. A stout woman in a sun-bonnet, with a broad face and no features to speak of, entered.

'I'll be bound you've had no dinner,' she said sulkily, as she placed the tea before him on a chair cleared with difficulty from some of the student's litter that filled the room.

'All the more reason for tea,' said Meynell, seizing thirstily on the teapot. 'And you're quite mistaken, Anne. I had a gorgeous bath-bun at the station.'

'Much good you'll get out of that!' was the scornful reply. 'You know what Doctor Shaw told you about that sort o' goin' on.'

'Never you mind, Anne. What about that painter chap?'

'Gone home for the week-end.' Mrs. Wellin retreated a foot or two and crossed her arms, bare to the elbow, in front of her.

The Rector stared.

'I thought I had taken him on by the week to paint my house,' he said at last.

'So you did. But he said he must see his missus and hear how his little girl had done in her music exam.'

Mrs. Wellin delivered this piece of news very fast and with evident gusto. It might have been thought she enjoyed inflicting it on her master.

The Rector laughed out.

'And this was a man sent me a week ago by the Birmingham Distress Committee—nine weeks out of work—family in the workhouse—everything up the spout. Goodness gracious, Anne, how did he get the money? Return fare, Birmingham, three-and-ten.'

'Don't ask me, sir,' said the woman in the sun-bonnet. 'I don't go pryin' into such trash!'

'Is he coming back? Is my house to be painted?' asked the Rector helplessly.

'Thought he might,' said Anne, briefly.

'How kind of him! Music exam!—Lord save us! And

three-and-ten thrown into the gutter on a week-end ticket—with seven children to keep—and all your possessions gone to “my uncle.” And it isn’t as though you’d been starving him, Anne!’

‘I wish I hadn’t dinnèred him as I have been doin’!’ the woman broke out. ‘But he’ll know the difference next week! And now, sir, I suppose you’ll be goin’ to that place again to-night?’

Anne jerked her thumb behind her over her left shoulder.

‘Suppose so, Anne. Can’t afford a night-nurse, and the wife won’t look after him.’

‘Why don’t some one make her?’ said Anne, frowning.

The Rector’s face changed.

‘Better not talk about it, Anne. When a woman’s been in hell for years, you needn’t expect her to come out an angel. She won’t forgive him, and she won’t nurse him—that’s flat.’

‘No reason why she should shovel him off on other people as wants their night’s rest. It’s takin’ advantage—that’s what it is.’

‘I say, Anne, I must read my letters. And just light me a bit of fire, there’s a good woman. July!—ugh!—it might be February!’

In a few minutes a bit of fire was blazing in the grate, though the windows were still wide open, and the Rector, who had had a long journey that day to take a funeral for a friend, lay back in sybaritic ease, now sipping his tea and now cutting open letters and parcels. The letter signed ‘F. Marcoburg’ in the corner had been placed, still unopened, on the mantelpiece now facing him.

The Rector looked at it from time to time; it might have been said by a close observer that he never forgot it; but, all the same, he went on dipping into books and reviews, or puzzling—with muttered imprecations on the German tongue—over some of his letters.

‘By Jove! this apocalyptic Messianic business is getting interesting. Soon we shall know where all the Pauline ideas came from—every man-jack of them! And what matter? Who’s the worse? Is it any less wonderful when we do know? The new wine found its bottles ready—that’s all!’

As he sat there he had the aspect of a man enjoying apparently the comfort of his own fireside. Yet, now that the face was at rest, certain cavernous hollows under the eyes, and certain

lines on the forehead and at the corners of the mouth, as though graven by some long fatigue, showed themselves disfiguringly. Yet the personality on which this fatigue had stamped itself was clearly one of remarkable vigour, physical and mental. A massive head covered with strong black hair, curly at the brows; eyes greyish blue, small, with some shade of expression in them which made them arresting, commanding even; a large nose and irregular mouth, the lips flexible and kind, the chin firm—one might have made some such catalogue of Meynell's characteristics; adding to them the strength of a broad-chested, loose-limbed frame, made rather, one would have thought, for country labours than for the vigils of the scholar. But the hands were those of a man of letters—bony and long-fingered, but refined, touching things with care and gentleness, like one accustomed to the small tools of the writer.

At last the Rector threw himself back in his chair, while some of the litter on his lap fell to the floor, temporarily dislodging one of the terriers, who sat up and looked at him with reproach.

'Now then!' he said, and reached out for the letter on the mantelpiece. He turned it over a moment in his hand and opened it.

It was long, and the reader gave it a close attention. When he had finished it he put it down and thought awhile, then stretched out his hand for it again and re-read the last paragraph:

'You will, I am sure, realise from all I have said, my dear Meynell, that the last thing I personally wish to do is to interfere with the parochial work of a man for whom I have so warm a respect as I have for you. I have given you all the latitude I could, but my duty is now plain. Let me have your assurance that you will refrain from such sermons as that to which I have drawn your attention, and that you will stop at once the extraordinary innovations in the services of which the parishioners have complained, and I shall know how to answer Mr. Barron and to compose this whole difficult matter. Do not, I entreat you, jeopardise the noble work you are doing for the sake of opinions and views which you hold to-day, but which you may have abandoned to-morrow. Can you possibly put what you call "the results of criticism"—and, remember, these results differ

for you, for me, and for a dozen others I could name—in comparison with that work for souls God has given you to do, and in which He has so clearly blessed you? A Christian pastor is not his own master, and cannot act with the freedom of other men. He belongs by his own act to the Church and to the flock of Christ; he must always have in view the “little ones” whom he dare not offend. Take time for thought, my dear Meynell—and time, above all, for prayer—and then let me hear from you. You will realise how much and how anxiously I think of you.

‘Yours always sincerely in Christ,

‘F. MARCOBURG.’

‘Good man—true Bishop!’ said the Rector to himself, as he again put down the letter; but even as he spoke the softness in his face passed into resolution. He sank once more into reverie.

The stillness, however, was soon broken up. A step was heard outside, and the dogs sprang up in excitement. Amid a pandemonium of noise, the Rector put his head out of window.

‘Is that you, Barron? Come in, old fellow; come in!’

A slender figure in a long coat passed the window, the front-door opened, and a young man entered the study. He was dressed in orthodox clerical garb, and carried a couple of books under his arm.

‘I came to return these,’ he said, placing them beside the Rector; ‘and also—can you give me twenty minutes?’

‘Forty, if you want them. Sit down.’

The new-comer turned out various French and German books from a dilapidated armchair, and obeyed. He was a fresh-coloured, handsome youth, some ten years younger than Meynell, the typical public-school boy in appearance. But his expression was scarcely less harassed than the Rector’s.

‘I expect you have heard from my father,’ he said abruptly.

‘I found a letter waiting for me,’ said Meynell, holding up the note he had taken from the hall-table on coming in. But he pursued the subject no further.

The young man fidgeted a moment.

‘All one can say is’—he broke out at last—‘that if it had not been my father, it would have been some one else—the Arch-deacon probably. The fight was bound to come.’

‘Of course it was!’ The Rector sprang to his feet, and, with his hands under his coat-tails and his back to the fire, faced his

visitor. 'That's what we're all driving at. Don't be miserable about it, dear fellow. I bear your father no grudge whatever. He is under orders, as I am. The parleying time is done. It has lasted two generations. And now comes war—honourable, necessary war!'

The speaker threw back his head with emphasis, even with passion. But almost immediately, the smile which was the only positive beauty of the face obliterated the passion.

'And don't look so tragic over it! If your father wins—and as the law stands he can scarcely fail to win—I shall be driven out of Upcote. But there will always be a corner somewhere for me and my books, and a pulpit of some sort to prate from.'

'Yes, but what about *us*?' said the new-comer, slowly.

'Ah!' The Rector's voice took a dry intonation. 'Yes—well!—you Liberals will have to take your part, and fire your *shot some day, of course—fathers or no fathers.*'

'I didn't mean that. Where shall we be when you desert *us—leave us to ourselves, without a leader?*'

'I sha'n't desert you—unless I'm turned out.'

'No, but you expose yourself unnecessarily!' said the young man, with vivacity. 'It is not a general's part to do that.'

'You're wrong, Stephen. When my father was going out to the campaign in which he was killed, my mother said to him, as though she were half asking a question, half pleading—I can hear her now, poor darling!—"John, it's right for a general to keep out of danger?" and he smiled and said, "Yes, when it isn't right for him to go into it, head over ears." However, that's nonsense. It doesn't apply to me. I'm no general. And I'm not going to be killed!'

Young Barron was silent, while the Rector prepared a pipe, and began upon it; but his face showed his dissatisfaction.

'I've not said much to father yet about my own position,' he resumed; 'but, of course, he guesses. It will be a blow to him,' he added, reluctantly.

The Rector nodded, but without showing any particular concern, though his eyes rested kindly on his companion.

'We have come to the fighting,' he repeated, 'and fighting means blows. Moreover, the fight is beginning to be equal. Twenty years ago—in Elsmere's time—a man who held his views or mine could only go. But the distribution of the

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forces, the lie of the field, is now altogether changed. *I am not going till I am turned out; and there will be others with me. The world wants a heresy trial, and it is going to get one this time.*

A laugh—a laugh of excitement and discomfort—escaped the younger man.

'You talk as though the prospect was a pleasant one!'

'No—but it is inevitable.'

'It will be a hateful business,' Barron went on, impetuously. 'My father has a horribly strong will. And he will think every means legitimate.'

'I know. In the Roman Church, what the Curia could not do by argument they have done again and again—well, no use to inquire how! One must be prepared. All I can say is, I know of no skeletons in the cupboard at present. Anybody may have my keys!'

He laughed as he spoke, spreading his hands to the blaze, and looking round at his companion. *Barron's face in response was a face of hero-worship, undisguised. Here plainly were leader and disciple; pioneering will and docile faith. But it might have been observed that Meynell did nothing to emphasise the personal relation; that, on the contrary, he shrank from it, and often tried to put it aside.*

After a few more words, indeed, he resolutely closed the personal discussion. They fell into talk about certain recent developments of philosophy in England and France—talk which *showed them as familiar comrades in the intellectual field, in spite of their difference of age. Barron had but lately left Cambridge for a small Trinity living, richly laden with honours. Meynell—an old Balliol scholar—bore the marks of Jowett and Caird still deep upon him, except, perhaps, for a certain deliberate throwing over, here and there, of the typical Oxford tradition—its measure and reticence, its scholarly balancing of this argument against that. A tone as of one driven to extremities—a deep yet never personal exasperation—the poised quiet of a man turning to look a hostile host in the face—again and again these made themselves felt through his chat about new influences in the world of thought—Bergson or James, Eucken or Tyrrell.*

And to this under-note, inflections or phrases in the talk of the other seemed to respond. It was as though behind the spoken conversation they carried on another unheard.

And the unheard presently broke in upon the heard.

'You spoke of Elsmere just now,' said Barron, in a moment's pause, and with apparent irrelevance. 'Did you know that his widow is now staying within a mile of this place? Some people called Flaxman have taken Maudely End, and Mrs. Flaxman is a sister of Mrs. Elsmere. Mrs. Elsmere and her daughter are going to settle for the summer in the cottage near Forkéd Pond. Mrs. Elsmere seems to have been ill for the first time in her life, and has had to give up some of her work.'

'Elsmere's widow!' said Meynell, raising his eyebrows. 'I saw her once twenty years ago at the New Brotherhood, and have never forgotten the vision of her face. She must be almost an old woman.'

'Miss Puttenham says she is quite beautiful still—in a wonderful severe way. I think she never shared Elsmere's opinions?'

'Never.'

The two fell silent, both minds occupied with the same story and the same secret comparisons. Robert Elsmere, the Rector of Murewell, in Surrey, had made a scandal in the Church, when Meynell was still a lad, by throwing up his orders under the pressure of New Testament criticism, and founding a religious brotherhood among London working-men for the promotion of a simple and commemorative form of Christianity.

Elsmere, a man of delicate physique, had died prematurely, worn out by the struggle to find new foothold for himself and others; but something in his personality, and in the nature of his effort—some brilliant, tender note—had kept his memory alive in many hearts. There were many now, however, who thrilled to it, who could never speak of him without emotion, who yet felt very little positive agreement with him. What he had done or tried to do made a kind of landmark in the past; but in the course of time it had begun to seem irrelevant to the present.

'To-day—would he have thrown up?—or would he have held on?'—Meynell presently said, in a tone of reverie, amid the cloud of smoke that enveloped him. Then, in another voice—'What do you hear of the daughter? I remember her as a little reddish-haired thing at her mother's side.'

'Miss Puttenham has taken a great fancy to her. Hester Fox-Wilson told me she had seen her there. She liked her.'

'H'm!' said the Rector. 'Well, if she pleased Hester—critical little minx!——'

'You may be sure she'll please *me*!' said Barron suddenly, flushing deeply.

The Rector looked up, startled.

'I say?'

Barron cleared his throat.

'I'd better tell you at once, Rector. I got Hester's leave yesterday to tell you, when an opportunity occurred—you know how fond she is of you. Well, I'm in love with her—head over ears in love with her—I believe I have been since she was a little girl in the schoolroom. And yesterday—she said—she'd marry me some day.'

The young voice betrayed a natural tremor. Meanwhile, a strange look—a close observer would have called it a look of consternation—had rushed into Meynell's face. He stared at Barron, made one or two attempts to speak, and, at last, said abruptly—

'That'll never do, Stephen—that'll never do! You shouldn't have spoken.'

Barron's face showed the wound.

'But, Rector!——'

'She's too young,' said Meynell, with increased harshness, 'much too young! Hester is only seventeen. No girl ought to be pledged so early. She ought to have more time—time to look round her. Promise me, my dear boy, that there shall be nothing irrevocable—no engagement! I should strongly oppose it.'

The eyes of the two men met. Barron was evidently dumb with surprise; but the vivacity and urgency of Meynell's expression drove him into speech.

'We thought you would have sympathised,' he stammered. 'After all, what is there so much against it? Hester is, you know, not very happy at home. I have my living, and some income of my own, independent of my father. Supposing he should object——'

'He would object,' said Meynell quickly. 'And Lady Fox-Wilson would certainly object. And so should I. And, as you know, I am co-guardian of the children with her.'

Then, as the lover quivered under these barbs, Meynell suddenly recovered himself.

'My dear fellow! No woman ought to marry under nineteen

or twenty. And every girl ought to have time to look round her. It's not right; it's not just—it isn't, indeed! Put this thing by for a while. You'll lose nothing by it. We'll talk of it again in two years.'

And, drawing his chair nearer to his companion, Meynell fell into a strain of earnest and affectionate entreaty, which presently had a marked effect on the younger man. His chivalry was appealed to—his consideration for the girl he loved; and his aspect began to show the force of the attack. At last he said gravely—

'I'll tell Hester what you say—of course I'll tell her. Naturally we can't marry without your consent and her mother's. But if Hester persists in wishing we should be engaged?'

'Long engagements are the deuce!' said the Rector hotly. 'You would be engaged for three years. Madness!—with such a temperament as Hester's. My dear Stephen!—be advised—for her and yourself. There is no one who wishes your good more earnestly than I. But don't let there be any talk of an engagement for at least two years to come. Leave her free—even if you consider yourself bound. It is a folly to suppose that a girl of such marked character knows her own mind at seventeen. She has all her development to come.'

Barron had dropped his head on his hands.

'I couldn't see anybody else courting her—without——'

'Without cutting in. I daresay not,' said Meynell, with a rather forced laugh. 'I'd forgive you that. But now, look here.'

The two heads drew together again, and Meynell resumed conversation, talking rapidly, in a kind, persuasive voice, putting the common-sense of the situation—holding out distant hopes. The young man's face gradually cleared. He was of a docile, open temper, and deeply attached to his mentor.

At last the Rector sprang up, consulting his watch.

'I must send you off, and go to sleep. But we'll talk of this again.'

'Sleep!' exclaimed Barron, astonished. 'It's just seven o'clock. What are you up to now?'

'There's a drunken fellow in the village—dying—and his wife won't look after him. So I have to put in an appearance to-night. Be off with you!'

'I shouldn't wonder if the Flaxmans were of some use to you

in the village,' said Stephen, taking up his hat. 'They're rich, and, they say, very generous.'

'Well, if they'll give me a parish nurse, I'll crawl to them,' said the Rector, settling himself in his chair and putting an old shawl over his knees. 'And as you go out, just tell Anne, will you, to keep herself to herself for an hour and not to disturb me?'

Stephen Barron moved to the door, and as he opened it he turned back a moment to look at the man in the chair, and the room in which he sat. It was as though he asked himself by what manner of man he had been thus gripped and coerced, in a matter so intimate, and, to himself, so vital.

Meynell's eyes were already shut. The dogs had gathered round him, the collie's nose laid against his knee, the other two guarding his feet. All round, the walls were laden with books, so were the floor and the furniture. A carpenter's bench filled the further end of the room. Carving tools were scattered on it, and a large piece of wood-carving, half-finished, was standing propped against it. Barron, who had been much abroad and seen many Museums, knew very well that the carving was not particularly good. It was part of some choir decoration that Meynell and a class of village boys were making for the church, where the Rector had already carved with his own hand many of the available surfaces, whether of stone or wood. There was a curious originality in it, the originality of a man without training, with a certain imitative skill and a passionate love of natural things—leaves and flowers and birds. But it was full of faults; and there were many, his father among them, who thought it a mere disfiguring of the church.

For the rest, the furniture of the room was shabby and ugly. The pictures on the walls were mostly faded Oxford photographs, or outlines by Overbeck and Retsch, which had belonged to Meynell's parents and were tenderly cherished by him. There were none of the pretty, artistic trifles, the signs of travel and easy culture, which many a small country vicarage possesses in abundance. Meynell, in spite of his scholar's mastery of half-a-dozen languages, had never crossed the Channel. Barron, lingering at the door, with his eyes on the form by the fire, knew why. The Rector had always been too poor. He had been left an orphan while still at Balliol, and had to bring up his two younger brothers. He had done it. They were both in Canada now and

prospering. But the signs of the struggle were on this shabby house, and on this shabby, frugal, powerfully built man. Yet now he might have been more at ease; the living, though small, was by no means among the worst in the diocese. Ah, well! Anne, the housekeeper and only servant, knew how the money went—and didn't go, and she had passed on some of her grievances to Barron. They two knew—though Barron would never have dared to show his knowledge—what a wrestle it meant to get the Rector to spend what was decently necessary on his own food and clothes; and Anne spent hours of the night in indignantly guessing at what he spent on the clothes and food of other people—mostly, in her opinion, 'varmints.'

These things flitted vaguely through the young man's sore mind. Then in a flash they were absorbed in a perception of a wholly different kind. The room seemed to him transfigured; a kind of temple. He thought of the intellectual life which had been lived there; the passion for truth which had burnt in it; the sermons and books that had been written on those crowded tables; the personality and influence that had been gradually built up within it, so that to him, as to many others, the dingy study was a place of pilgrimage, breathing inspiration; and his heart went out, first in discipleship, and then in a pain that was not for himself. For over his friend's head he saw the gathering of clouds not now to be scattered or dispersed; and who could foretell the course of the storm?

The young man gently closed the door and went his way. He need not have left the house so quietly. The Rector got no sleep that evening.

CHAPTER II.

THE church clock of Upcote Minor was just striking nine o'clock as Richard Meynell, a few hours later than the conversation just recorded, shut the Rectory gate behind him, and took his way up the village.

The night was cold and gusty. The summer this year had forgotten to be balmy, and Meynell, who was an ardent sun-lover, shivered as he walked along, buttoning a much-worn parson's coat against the sharp air. Before him lay the long, straggling street, with its cottages and small shops, its post-office, and public-houses, and its occasional dwellings of the gentry, now with

a Georgian front plumb on the street, and now hidden behind walls and trees. It was evidently a large village, almost a country town, with a considerable variety of life. At this hour of the evening most of the houses were dark, for the working-folk had gone to bed. But behind the drawn blinds of the little shops there were still lights here and there, and in the houses of gentility.

The Rector passed the fine Perpendicular church standing back from the road, with its churchyard about it; and just beyond it, he turned, his pace involuntarily slackening, to look at a small gabled house, surrounded by a garden, and overhung by a splendid lime tree. Suddenly, as he approached it, the night burst into fragrance, for a gust of wind shook the lime-blossom, and flung the scent in Meynell's face; while at the same time the dim masses of roses in the garden sent out their sweetness to the passers-by.

A feeling of pleasure, quick, involuntary, passed through his mind; pleasure in the thought of what these flowers meant to the owner of them. He had a vision of a tall and slender woman, no longer young, moving among the rose-beds with a basket on her arm, a light dress trailing on the grass. The vision brought with it a sense of grateful affection, of comradeship, of quick and generous sympathy. Then, pleasure and sympathy were drowned in something else—some heavy anxiety—some tragic pitifulness.

'And she's been happy lately—really happy—and at peace,' he thought, ruefully. 'Preston's wife was a godsend. And she loves her work—and her garden. Her only anxiety has been for me; she lives in her few friends.'

His eyes lingered on the house. Presently, as the further corner of it came into view, he saw a thinly curtained window with a light inside it, and it seemed to him that he distinguished a figure within.

'Reading?—or embroidering? Probably, at her work. She had that commission to finish. Busy woman!'

He fell to imagining the little room, the embroidery frame, the books, and the brindled cat on the rug, of no particular race or beauty; for use, not for show; but full of character like its mistress, and, like her, not to be readily made friends with.

'How wise of her,' he thought, 'not to accept her sister's offer! to keep her little house and her independence. Imagine her!—prisoned in that house, with that family. Except for Hester—except for Hester!'

He smiled sadly to himself, threw a last troubled look at the little house, and left it behind him. Before him, the village street, with its green and its pond, widened under the scudding sky. Far ahead, about a quarter of a mile away, among surrounding trees, certain outlines were visible through the July twilight. The accustomed eye knew them for the chimneys of the Fox-Wilsons' house, owned now, since the recent death of its master, Sir Ralph Fox-Wilson, by his widow, the sister of the lady with the cat and the embroidery, and mother of many children, for the most part an unattractive brood, peevish and slow-minded like their father. Hester was the bright, particular star in that house, as Stephen Barron had now found out.

Alack!—alack! The Rector's face resumed for a moment the expression of painful or brooding perplexity it had worn during his conversation of the afternoon with young Barron on the subject of Hester Fox-Wilson.

Another light in a window—and a sound of shouting and singing. The 'Cowroast'—a 'public' mostly frequented by the miners who inhabited the northern end of the village—was evidently doing trade. The Rector did not look up as he passed it; but in general he turned an indulgent eye upon it. Before entering upon the living, he had himself worked for a month as an ordinary miner, in the colliery whose tall chimneys could be seen to the east above the village roofs. His body still vividly retained the physical memory of those days—of the aching muscles, and the gargantuan thirsts.

At last the rows of new-built cottages attached to the colliery came in view on the left; to the right, a steep hillside heavily wooded, and at the top of it, in the distance, the glimmering of a large white house—stately and separate—dominating the village, the church, the collieries, and the Fox-Wilsons' plantations.

The Rector threw a glance at it. It was from that house had come the letter he had found on his hall-table that afternoon; a letter in a handwriting large and impressive like the dim house on the hill. The handwriting of a man accustomed to command, whether his own ancestral estate, or the collieries which had been carved out of its fringe, or the village spreading humbly at his feet, or the church into which he walked on Sunday with heavy tread, and upright carriage, conscious of his threefold dignity—as Squire, magistrate, and churchwarden.

'It's my business to fight him!' Meynell thought, looking at the house, and squaring his broad shoulders unconsciously. 'It's not my business to hate him!—not at all—rather to respect and sympathise with him. I provoke the fight—and I may be thankful to have lit on a strong antagonist. What's Stephen afraid of? What can they do? Let 'em try!'

A smile—contemptuous and good-humoured—crossed the Rector's face. Any angry bigot determined to rid his parish of an heretical parson might no doubt be tempted to use other than legal and theological weapons, if he could get them. A heretic with unpaid bills and some hidden vice, is scarcely in a position to make much of his heresy. But the Rector's smile showed him humorously conscious of an almost excessive innocence of private life. The thought of how little an enemy could find to lay hold on in his history or present existence seemed almost to bring with it a kind of shamefacedness—as for experience irrevocably forgone, warm, tumultuous, human experience, among the sinners and sufferers of the world. For there are odd, mingled moments in the lives of the scholars and the saints, when—like Renan in his queer envy of Théophile Gautier—some of them come to ask whether they have not missed something irreplaceable, the student, by his learning—the saint even, by his goodness!

Here now was 'Miners' Row.' As the Rector approached the cottage of which he was in search, the clouds lightened in the east, and a pale moonshine, suffusing the dusk, showed, in the far distance beyond the village, the hills of Fitton Chase, rounded, heathy hills, crowned by giant firs. Meynell looked at them with longing, and a sudden realisation of his own weariness. A day or two, soon, perhaps a week or two, among the fells, with their winds and scents about him, and their streams in his ears :—he must allow himself that, before the fight began.

No. 8. A dim light showed in the upper window. The Rector knocked at the door. A woman opened—a young and sweet-looking nurse in her bonnet and long cloak.

'You look pretty done!' exclaimed the Rector. 'Has he been giving trouble?'

'Oh, no, sir, not more than usual. It's the two of them.'

'She won't go to her sister's?'

'She won't stir a foot, sir.'

'Where is she?' The nurse pointed to the living room on her left.

'She scarcely eats anything—a cup of tea sometimes. And I doubt whether she sleeps at all.'

'And she won't go to him?'

'If he were dying, and she alone with him in the house, I don't believe she'd go near him.'

The Rector stepped in, and asked a few questions as to arrangements for the night. The patient, it seemed, was asleep, in consequence of a morphia injection, and likely to remain so for an hour or two. He was dying of an internal injury inflicted by a fall of rock in the mine some ten days before. Surgery had done what it could, but signs of blood-poisoning had appeared, and the man's days were numbered.

The doctor had left written instructions, which the nurse handed over to Meynell. If certain symptoms appeared, the doctor was to be summoned. But in all probability the man's fine constitution, injured though it had been by drink, would enable him to hold out another day or two. And the hideous pain of the first week had now ceased; mortification had almost certainly set in, and all that could be done was to wait the slow and sure failure of the heart.

The nurse took leave. Meynell was hanging up his hat in the little passage way, when the door of the front parlour opened, after being unlocked.

Meynell looked round.

'Good evening, Mrs. Bateson. You are coming upstairs, I hope, with me?'

He spoke gently, but with a quiet authority.

The woman in the doorway shook her head. She was thin and narrow-chested. Her hair was already grey, though she could not have been more than thirty-five, and youth and comeliness had been long since battered from her face, partly by misery of mind, partly by direct ill-usage of which there were evident traces. She looked steadily at the Rector.

'I'm not going,' she said. 'He's nowt to me. But I'd like to know what the doctor was thinkin' of 'im.'

'The doctor thinks he may live through to-night and to-morrow night—not much more. He is your husband, Mrs. Bateson, and whatever you have against him, you'll be very sorry afterwards if you don't give him help and comfort in his

death. Come up now, I beg of you, and watch with me. He might die at any moment.'

And Meynell put out his hand kindly towards the woman standing in the shadow, as though to lead her.

But she stepped backward.

'I know what I'm about,' she said, breathing quick. 'He made a fule o' me wi' that wanton Lizzie Short, and he near killt me the lasst morning afore he went. And I'd been a good wife to him for fifteen year, and never a word between us till that huzzy came along. And she's got a child by him, and he must go and throw it in my face that I'd never given him one. And he struck and cursed me that last morning—he wished me dead he said. And I sat and prayed God to punish him. An' He did. The roof came down on him. And now he mun die. I've done wi' him—and she's done wi' him. He's made his bed, and he mun lig on it.'

The Rector put up his hand sternly.

'Don't! Mrs. Bateson. Those are words you'll repent when you yourself come to die. He has sinned towards you—but remember!—he's a young man still—in the prime of life. He has suffered horribly—and he has only a few hours or days to live. He has asked for you already to-day, he is sure to ask for you to-night. Forgive him!—ask God to help him to die in peace!'

While he spoke she stood motionless, impassive. Meynell's voice had beautiful inflections, and he spoke with strong feeling. Few persons whom he so addressed could have remained unmoved. But Mrs. Bateson only retreated further into the dreary little parlour, with its wool mats and antimacassars, and a tray of untasted tea on the table. She passed her tongue round her dry lips to moisten them before she spoke, quite calmly.

'Thank you, sir. Thank you. You mean well. But we must all judge for ourselves. If there's anything you want I can get for you, you knock twice on the floor—I shall hear you. But I'm not comin' up.'

Meynell turned away discouraged, and went upstairs.

In the room above lay the dying man—breathing quickly and shallowly under the influence of the drug that had been given him. The nurse had raised him on his pillows, and the window near him was open. His powerful chest was uncovered, and he seemed even in his sleep to be fighting for air. In the twelve

hours that had elapsed since Meynell had last seen him he had travelled with terrible rapidity towards the end. He looked years older than in the morning; it was as though some sinister hand had been at work on the face, expanding here, contracting there, substituting chaos and nothingness for the living man.

The Rector sat down beside him. The room was small and bare—a little strip of carpet on the boards, a few chairs, and a little table with food and nourishment, beside the bed. On the mantelpiece was a large printed card, containing the football fixtures of the winter before. Bateson had once been a fine player. Of late years, however, his interest had been confined to betting heavily on the various local and county matches, and it was to his ill-luck as a gambler no less than to the influence of the flimsy little woman who had led him astray that his moral break-up might be traced.

A common tale!—yet more tragic than usual. For the bedroom contained other testimonies to the habits of a ruined man. There was a hanging bookcase on the wall, and the Rector sitting by the bed could just make out the titles of the books in the dim light.

Mill, Huxley, a reprint of Tom Paine, various books by Blatchford, the sixpenny editions of 'Literature and Dogma' and Renan's Life of Christ, some popular science, volumes of Browning and Ruskin, and a group of well-thumbed books on the birds of Staffordshire:—the little collection, hardly earned, and, to judge from its appearance, diligently read, showed that its owner had been a man of intelligence. The Rector looked from it to the figure in the bed with a pang at his heart.

All was still in the little cottage. Through the open window the Rector could see fold after fold of the Chase stretching north and west above the village. The moorland ridges shone clear under the moon, now bare, or scantily plumed by gaunt trees, and now clothed in a dense blackness of wood. Meynell, who knew every yard of the great heath, and loved it well, felt himself lifted there in spirit as he looked. The 'bunch-berries' must just be ripening on the high ground—nestling scarlet and white amid their glossy leaves. And among them and beside them, the taller, slender bilberries, golden green; the exquisite grasses of the heath, pale pink, and silver and purple, swaying in the winds, clothing acre after acre with a beauty

beyond the looms of men ; the purple heather and the ling flushing towards its bloom ; and the free-limbed scattered birch trees, strongly scrawled against the sky. The scurry of the clouds over the purple sweeps of moor, the beat of the wind, and then suddenly, pools of fragrant air sun-steeped—he drew in the thought of it all, as he might have drunk the moorland breeze itself, with a thrill of pleasure, which passed at once into a movement of soul.

'My God—my God!'

No other words imagined or needed. Only a leap of the heart, natural, habitual, instinctive, from the imagined beauty of the heath, to the 'Eternal Fountain' of all beauty.

The hand of the dying man made a faint rustling with the sheet. Meynell, checked, rebuked almost, by the slight sound, bent his eyes again on the sleeper, and leaning forward tried to meditate and pray. But to-night he found it hard. He realised anew his physical and mental fatigue, and a certain confused clamour of thought, strangely persistent behind the more external experience alike of body and mind ; like the murmur of a distant sea heard from far inland, as the bond and background of all lesser sounds.

The phrases of the letter he had found on the hall-table recurred to him whether he would or no. They were mainly legal and technical, intimating that an application had been made to the Bishop of Markborough to issue a commission of inquiry into certain charges made by parishioners of Upcote Minor, against the Rector of the parish. The writer of the letter was one of the applicants, and gave notice of his intention to prosecute the charges named, with the utmost vigour through all the stages prescribed by ecclesiastical law.

But it was, rather, some earlier letters from the same hand—letters more familiar, intimate, and discursive—that ultimately held the Rector's thoughts, as he kept his watch. For in those letters were contained almost all the objections that a sensitive mind and heart had had to grapple with before determining on the course to which the Rector of Upcote was now committed. They were the voice of the 'adversary,' the 'accuser.' Crude or conventional, as the form of the argument might be, it yet represented the 'powers and principalities' to be reckoned with. If the Rector's conscience could not sustain him against it, he was henceforth a dishonest and unhappy man ; and when his

lawyers had failed to protect him against its practical result—as they must no doubt fail—he would be a dispossessed priest.

‘What discipline in life or what comfort in death can such a faith as yours bring to any human soul? Do, I beg of you, ask yourself this question. If the great miracles of the Creed are not true, what have you to give the wretched and the sinful? Ought you not in common human charity to make way for one who can offer the consolations, utter the warnings or hold out the heavenly hopes from which you are debarred?’

The Rector fixed his gaze upon the sick man. It was as though the question of the letter were put to him through those parched lips. And as he looked Bateson opened his eyes.

‘Be that you, Rector?’ he said in a clear voice.

‘I’ve been sitting up with you, Bateson. Can you take a little brandy and milk, do you think?’

The patient submitted, and the Rector, with a tender and skilful touch, made him comfortable on his pillows and smoothed the bedclothes.

‘Where’s my wife?’ he said presently, looking round the room.

‘She’s sleeping downstairs.’

‘I want her to come up.’

‘Better not ask her. She seems ill and tired.’

The sick man smiled—a slight and scornful smile.

‘She’ll ha’ time enough presently to be tired. You goo an’ ask her.’

‘I’d rather not leave you, Bateson. You’re very ill.’

‘Then take that stick then, an’ rap on the floor. She’ll hear tha fast enough.’

The Rector hesitated, but only for a moment. He took the stick and rapped.

Almost immediately the sound of a turning key was heard through the small thinly built cottage. The door below opened and footsteps came up the stairs. But before they reached the landing the sound ceased. The two men listened in vain.

‘You go an’ tell her as I’m sorry I knocked her aboot,’ said Bateson, eagerly. ‘An’ she can see for hersen, as I can’t aggravate her no more wi’ the other woman.’ He raised himself on his elbow, staring into the Rector’s face. ‘I’m done for—tell her that.’

'Shall I tell her also—that you love her?—and you want her love?'

'Ay,' said Bateson, nodding, with the same bright stare into Meynell's eyes. 'Ay!'

Meynell made him drink a little more brandy, and then he went out to the person standing motionless on the stairs.

'What did you want, sir?' said Mrs. Bateson, under her breath.

'Mrs. Bateson—he begs you to come to him! He's sorry for his conduct—he says you can see for yourself that he can't wrong you any more. Come—and be merciful!'

The woman paused. The Rector could see the shiver of her thin shoulders under her print dress. Then she turned and quietly descended the cottage stairway. Half-way down she looked up.

'Tell him I should do him nowt but harm. I'—her voice trembled for the first time—'I doan't bear him malice, I hope he'll not suffer. But I'm not coming.'

'Wait a moment, Mrs. Bateson! I was to tell you that in spite of all, he loved you—and he wanted your love.'

She shook her head.

'It's no good talkin' that way. It'll mebbe use up his strength. Tell him I'd have got Lizzie Short to come an' nurse 'im, if I could. It's her place. But he knows as she an' her man fittid a fortnight sen, an' thee's no address.'

And she disappeared. But at the foot of the stairs—standing unseen—she said in her usual tone—

'If there was a cup o' tea I could bring you, sir—or anythin'?'

Meynell, distressed and indignant, did not answer. He returned to the sick-room. Bateson looked up as the Rector bent once more over the bed.

'She'll not coom?' he said, in a faint voice of surprise. 'Well, that's a queer thing. She wasn't used to be a tough 'un. I could most make her do what I wanted. Well, never mind, Rector, never mind. Sit tha down—mebbe you'd be wanting to say a prayer. You're welcome. I reckon it'll do me no harm.'

His lips parted in a smile—a smile of satire. But his brows frowned, and his eyes were still alive and bright, only now, as the watcher thought, with anger.

Meynell hesitated.

'I will say the Church prayers, if you wish it, Bateson. Of course I will say them.'

'But I doan't believe in 'em,' said the sick man, smiling again, 'an' you doan't believe in 'em, noather, if folk say true! Don't tha be vexed—I'm not saying it to cheek tha. But Mr. Barron, ee says ee'll make tha give up. Ee's been goin' roun' the village, talkin' to folk. I doan't care about that—an' A've never been one o' your men—not pious enough, be a long way—but I'd like to hear—now as I can't do tha no harm, Rector, now as I'm goin', an' you cawn't deny me—what tha does really believe? Will tha tell me?'

He turned, open-eyed, impulsive, intelligent, as he had always been in life.

The Rector started. The inward challenge had taken voice.

'Certainly I will tell you, if it will help you—if you're strong enough.'

Bateson waved his hand contemptuously.

'I feel as strong as anything. That sup o' brandy has put some grit in me. Give me some more. Thank tha. . . . Does tha believe in God, Rector?'

His whimsical, half-teasing, yet, at bottom, anxious look touched Meynell strangely.

'With all my life—and with all my strength!'

Meynell's gaze was fixed intently on his questioner. The nightlight in the basin on the further side of the room threw the strong features into shadowy relief, illumining the yearning kindness of the eyes.

'What made tha believe in Him?'

'My own life—my own struggles—and sins—and sufferings,' said Meynell, stooping towards the sick man, and speaking each word with an intensity behind which lay much that could never be known to his questioner. 'A good man put it once in this way, "There is something in me that asks something of me." If a man wants to be filthy, or drunken, or cruel, the Something within asks of him to be—instead—pure and sober and kind. And perhaps he denies the Something, refuses and tramples on it again and again. And then the joy in his life dies out, and the world turns to dust and ashes. Every time that he says No to the Voice, he is less happy—he has less power of being happy. And the Voice itself dies away—and death comes. But suppose he turns to the Voice and says "Lead me—I follow!" And suppose he obeys, like a child stumbling. Then every time he

stretches and bends his poor weak will so as to give *It* what it asks, there is a strange joy; and the joy grows and grows. *It* asks him to love—to love men and women, not with lust, but with pure love; and as he obeys, as he loves,—he *knows*,—he knows that it is God asking, and that God has come to him and abides with him.'

'Tha'rt talkin' riddles, Rector!'

'No. Ask yourself. When you fell into sin with that woman, did nothing speak to you, nothing try to stop you?'

The bright half-mocking eyes below Meynell's wandered a little—wavered in expression.

'It was the hot blood in me—ay, an' in her too. Yo cawn't help them things.'

'Can't you? When your wife suffered, didn't that touch you? Wouldn't you undo it now if you could?'

'Ay—because I'm goin'—doctor says I'm done for.'

'No—well or ill—wouldn't you undo it—wouldn't you undo the blows you gave your wife—the misery you caused her?'

'Mebbe. But I cawn't.'

'No—not in my sense or yours. But in God's sense you can. Turn your heart—ask Him to give you love—love to Him, who has been pleading with you all your life—love to your wife and your fellow-men—love—and repentance—and faith.'

Meynell's voice shook. He was in an anguish at what seemed to him the weakness, the ineffectiveness of his pleading.

A silence. Then the voice rose again from the bed.

'Dost tha believe in Jesus Christ, Rector? Mr. Barron, he calls tha an infidel. But he hasn't read the books you an' I have read, I'll uphold yer!'

The dying man raised his hand to the bookshelves beside him with a proud gesture.

The Rector slowly raised himself. An expression, as of some passion within, trying at once to check and to utter itself, became visible on his face in the half light.

'It's not books that settle it, Jim. I'll try and put it to you—just as I see it myself—just in the way it comes to me.'

He paused a moment, frowning under the effort of simplification. The hidden need of the dying man seemed to be mysteriously conveyed to him—the pang of lonely anguish that death brings with it; the craving for comfort beneath the apparent scorn of faith; the human cry expressed in this strange catechism.

'Stop me if I tire you,' he said at last. 'I don't know if I

can make it plain,—but to me, Bateson, there are two worlds that every man is concerned with. There is this world of everyday life—work and business, sleeping and talking, eating and drinking—that you and I have been living in; and there is another world, within it, and alongside of it, that we know when we are quiet—when we listen to our own hearts, and follow that Voice I spoke of just now. Jesus Christ called that other world the Kingdom of God—and those who dwell in it, the children of God. Love is the king of that world, and the law of it,—Love, which is God. But different men—different races of men, give different names to that Love—see it under different shapes. To us—to you and me—it speaks under the name and form of Jesus Christ. And so I come to say—so all Christians come to say—“*I believe—in Jesus Christ our Lord.*” For it is His life and His death that still to-day—as they have done for hundreds of years—draw men and women into the Kingdom—the Kingdom of Love—and so to God. He draws us to love—and so to God. And in God alone—is the soul of man satisfied; *satisfied—and at rest.*’

The last words were but just breathed—yet they carried with them the whole force of a man.

‘That’s all very well, Rector. ‘But tha’s given up th’ Athanasian Creed, and there’s mony as says tha doesn’t hold by t’other Creeds. Wilt tha tell *me*, as Jesus were born of a virgin?—or that a got up out o’ the grave on the third day?’

The Rector’s face, through all its harass, softened tenderly.

‘If you were a well man, Bateson, we’d talk of that. But there’s only one thing that matters to you now—it’s to feel God with you—to be giving your soul to God.’

The two men gazed at each other.

‘What are tha nursin’ me for, Rector?’ said Bateson, abruptly—‘I’m nowt to you.’

‘For the love of Christ,’ said Meynell, steadily, taking his hand—‘and of you, in Christ. But you mustn’t talk. Rest a while.’

There was a silence. The July night was beginning to pale into dawn. ‘Outside, beyond the nearer fields, the wheels and sheds and the two great chimneys of the colliery were becoming plain; the tints and substance of the hills were changing. Dim forms of cattle moved in the newly shorn grass; the sound of their chewing could be faintly heard.

Suddenly the dying man raised himself in bed.

'I want my wife!' he said imperiously—'I tell tha, I want my wife!'

It was as though the last energy of being had thrown itself into the cry—indignant, passionate, protesting.

Meynell rose.

'I will bring her.'

Bateson gripped his hand.

'Tell her to mind that cottage at Morden End—and the night we came home there first—as married folk. Tell her I'm goin'—goin' fast.'

He fell back, panting. Meynell gave him food and medicine. Then he went quickly downstairs, and knocked at the parlour door. After an interval of evident hesitation on the part of the occupant of the room, it was reluctantly unlocked. Meynell pushed it open wide.

'Mrs. Bateson!—come to your husband—he is dying!'

The woman, deadly white, threw back her head proudly. But Meynell laid a peremptory hand on her arm.

'I command you—in God's name. Come!'

A struggle shook her. She yielded suddenly—and began to cry. Meynell patted her on the shoulder as he might have patted a child, said kind soothing things, gave her her husband's message, and finally drew her from the room.

She went upstairs, Meynell following, anxious about the physical result of the meeting, and ready to go for the doctor at a moment's notice.

The door at the top of the stairs was open. The dying man lay on his side, gazing towards it, and gauntly illumined by the rising light.

The woman went slowly forward, drawn by the eyes directed upon her.

'I thowt tha'd come!' said Bateson, with a smile.

She sat down upon the bed, crouching, emaciated; at first motionless and voiceless; a spectacle little less piteous, little less deathlike, than the man on the pillows. He still smiled at her, in a kind of triumph; also silent, but his lips trembled. Then, groping, she put out her hand—her disfigured, toil-worn hand—and took his, raising it to her lips. The touch of his flesh seemed to loosen in her the fountains of the great deep. She slid to her knees and kissed him—enfolding him with her arms, the two murmuring together.

Meynell went out into the dawn. His mystical sense had

beheld the Lord in that small upper room; had seen as it were the sacred hands breaking to those two poor creatures the sacrament of love. His own mind was for the time being tranquillised. It was as though he said to himself, 'I know that trouble will come back—I know that doubts and fears will pursue me again; but this hour—this blessing—is from God!'

The sun was high in a dewy world, already busy with its first labours of field and mine, when Meynell left the cottage.

He passed down the village street, and reached again the little gabled house which he had passed the night before. As he approached, there was a movement in the garden. A lady, who was walking among the roses, holding up her light skirts from the dew, turned and ran towards the gate.

'Come in! You must be tired out. The gardener told me he'd seen you about. We've got some coffee ready for you.'

Meynell looked at the speaker in smiling astonishment.

'What are you up for at this hour?'

'Why shouldn't I be up? What's a summer morning for? I have a friend with me, and I want to introduce you.'

Miss Puttenham, fresh and tall, in a morning dress of blue, opened her garden gate, and drew in the Rector. Behind her among the roses Meynell perceived another lady,—a slender girl, with bright reddish hair.

'Mary!' said Miss Puttenham.

The girl approached. Meynell had an impression of mingled charm and reticence, as she gave him her hand. The eyes were sweet and shy—the shyness of strong character, rather than of mere youth and innocence.

'This is my new friend, Mary Elsmere. You've heard they're at Forkéd Pond?' Alice Puttenham said, smiling, as she threw her arm round the girl—'I captured her for the night, while Mrs. Elsmere went to town. I want you to know each other.'

'Elsmere's daughter!' thought Meynell, with a thrill, as he followed the two ladies through the open French window into the little dining-room where the coffee was ready. And he could not take his eyes from the young face.

(To be continued.)

OXFORD.

My Master, when the later years
 Press forward with a faster stride,
 With fainter hopes, and darker fears,
 When the old lights that used to guide
 Are dimmer, and the links that tied
 Old friendships severed and forgot;
 We turn to Her whose troth is tried :
 Our Lady Oxford changeth not.

For when we smile, she smiles, her tears
 Flow with our tears, a mingled tide;
 She loves the votary that reveres,
 She walketh steadfast by his side :
 Nor can the widening years divide,
 Nor any base Iscariot
 Beguile her with his lips that lied :
 Our Lady Oxford changeth not.

Her lawns, her garden belvederes,
 Her parks with may and chestnut pied,
 The stillness of her moonlit meres,
 Her oriel windows half descried
 In summer twilights, all the pride
 Of place and power that crown her lot,
 Wisdom and youth beatified :
 Our Lady Oxford changeth not.

ENVOI.

Prince, Christmastide and Christmastide
 Dance forward in a slow gavotte;
 Our hearts more surely there abide :
 Our Lady Oxford changeth not.

J. MEADE FALKNER.

PASTELS UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

IX. BLACK AND WHITE.

PROBABLY the first thing which strikes a new-comer in Rhodesia is the unexpected beauty of the black race—the beauty, that is, of their bodies, for their faces only escape ugliness in our eyes in so far as they depart from the negro type. Photography can seize the ugliness, but the beauty, for some reason not too obvious, it seldom captures. This beauty no doubt partly consists in the fine carriage, the free movements, of these chosen and disciplined children of severe Mother Nature. If the sculptors of old had seen negroes heaving huge masses of iron ore from a lighter to a ship, their ideal strong man would have been different—and more beautiful. The black Hercules has no huge framework of bone, no lumps and cords of muscle. His limbs are rounded, and nothing in his frame appears very massive. The firm flesh, the velvety brown-black skin, flow smooth, as it were, over muscles the hardness and power of which would hardly be guessed until he is seen lifting a big weight, or, it may be, chasing a buck with long elastic bounds hardly inferior to its own. And the youths and maidens, at an age when in Europe they would be skinny, what slender yet rounded limbs! What upright well-poised grace of body! But the women and girls are comparatively seldom met outside the kraals. Yet I remember on a certain road two upright young women carrying on their heads what appeared to me to be bright green gourds by way of water-jars. With these on their heads they bounded out of the roadway before the approaching motor-car with the grace and agility of startled reedbuck. Their short kilts and pinafore bodices, open down the sides and held by slight straps over the shoulder, were no ill compromise between the disfiguring garments of civilisation and the savage leopard-skin or girdle. The history of the reprobation of the human form and the elevation of mere clothes-wearing into a Christian

and cardinal virtue, is an amusing but deplorable page in the chronicles of Superstition. Strange that it should be most deeply rooted in the cleanly and Protestant Briton, since it was originated by primitive monks, who regarded personal cleanliness with almost as unfavourable an eye as nudity. Probably the mere wearing of clothes is in itself inimical to perfect physical development. The native African does not need them. Man will always wear something; but the savage regards clothes as ornaments, and ornaments as clothes. Probably a married Mashona woman would rather die than appear without the ring round her shaven head. On the other hand, not long ago a Mashona chief earnestly besought a missionary to give him a pair of trousers, which the missionary, with some reluctance, did. On the following Sunday, when the service was in full swing, the church door opened and the chief advanced up the aisle slowly and with majestic port, wearing one half of the trousers. He had shared the pair with his brother.

The animal side of the negro is developed to something near perfection; it seems for that all the stranger that he should have remained stationary, on the threshold, as it were, of full humanity. The negro races differ from all others in that they have never invented any sort of writing or pictorial art, or architecture or poetry; and, what is still more remarkable, in spite of living in perpetual fear of the Unseen, they have never evolved a religion. The two races which populated Southern Rhodesia before the white man's advent were the Makalanga—wrongly but popularly called Mashona—and the Matabele, and these two were in the position of conquered and conqueror, slave and master.

One cannot but feel sympathy with the Matabele King, Lo Bengula, placed as he was between the devil and the deep sea—for the question was merely whether the English, the Dutch, or the Germans were to be the masters of the Matabele. But to weep over the Matabele monarch and his tribe, as over an innocent and patriotic people deprived of their own, is even more mistaken than it usually is to transplant our European ideas, political and social, to other continents. In the year 1832 the Zulu King Chaka reigned in Natal. One of his chiefs, Umsilikatze, offended against him by not giving up to the King cattle captured in a raid. On this Chaka sent an impi to wipe him out. And Umsilikatze and his people fled away before Chaka, spreading terror in their turn before them, and eventually

took possession of a large tract of country still called Matabele Land, killing or enslaving the Makalanga inhabitants. The numbers of the invading host were probably not great enough to tempt them out of the flat country, otherwise one would wonder at their leaving such fertile lands to the Makalanga. To raid and ravage Mashonaland was, however, the favourite and frequent sport of the impis. The first war between the Matabele and the white men, after the arrival of the Pioneers, was provoked by a revengeful raid of this kind against the Mashonas, who had become the vassals of the new conqueror. It might be supposed that the Mashonas, at any rate, would be thankful for a change of atmosphere which sweeps away the black, ever-menacing storm-cloud from their borders, and enables them to rear their flocks and herds in peace, to marry and to give in marriage without disturbance. But the thoughts of savages are not 'long, long thoughts.' A man who knew the Mashonas well asked them how they liked the white man's rule as compared with the Matabele's. The Mashonas made answer that they preferred the Matabele. The white man was always there, and sure to come for the tax. The Matabele might or might not come. When they did, the impi carried off the women and the cattle, while the men retired to the hills and hid in the caves often alluded to in accounts of native wars. These so-called caves are rather natural pits in the earth concealed by boulders. They added that a Mashona could sometimes buy back a favourite wife from the Matabele; though, seeing the impoverished state in which they must have been left, it is clear that this cannot very commonly have happened. The raids were not, they affirmed, bloody, unless resistance was offered, or unless they were made with intent to punish the 'maholi'—i.e. slaves—or, as some interpret the word 'maswina,' the dirty people—for some offence. With regard to this last statement one feels that time has drawn a softening veil over the features of the Matabele warrior; for not only have early travellers often described his ferocity, but the Zulu military system, which made it obligatory for a young man to 'wash his spear' in the blood of battle before he could marry and in general be accepted as a grown man, made it impossible for the Matabele to be anything but a bloody and a restless folk. In their raids they carried off not only the women but the children of the tribes on whom they warred, and trained the boys in their own impis.

That the terrors of the Matabele should, in twenty years, have faded out of the remembrance of their so-despised vassals is at first sight surprising. But the world never was and never will be governed by rational self-interest, because man is not sufficiently rational, nor even sufficiently selfish. Even people much higher in the scale than the Makalanga frequently prefer a remote calamity to an immediate worry. To the savage the mere orderliness of the white man, the tic-tac working of civilised government, must be distasteful, and taxation particularly so. An Englishman who once saw Lo Bengula dispensing justice, seated on the tail of a cart, judged him to deal fairly according to his lights, but to dispense punishments of a severity which appalled, especially when children were the culprits. The Mashona, on the contrary, is said to have had comparatively mild laws, and more just in his own estimation than ours are. Every offence could be expiated by a payment—in cattle—which was divided in a certain proportion between the chief and the injured person, or his family in case the offence were murder. Savage peoples do not value human life sufficiently to inflict capital punishment for murder. They reserve that for more serious offences, such as witchcraft. There is a story told, which may be quite untrue, but, at any rate, serves to illustrate the way in which our European justice, though administered carefully and conscientiously, may strike the native mind as injustice. A native servant or boy being beaten severely by his master, also a native, determined to 'have the law of him.' The master was summonsed, corrected, and fined for assault. On coming away from the magistrate he punished the boy by beating him still more severely. The boy summonsed him again, and he was more heavily fined. Again he punished the boy by a tremendous thrashing, and once more summonsed had this time to pay a fine of £10. Yet again he furiously beat the boy, saying to him: 'I shall go on beating you worse and worse every time you bring me before the magistrate. Consider, therefore, whether this thing is worth doing.' The boy on reflection declared that it was not, 'for I,' said he, 'get the beating and the white chiefs get the money.' And the thing appeared to him unjust.

Formerly the chief ruled by the aid of the medicine-man or witch-doctor, and that power behind the throne was the most terrible of all. I have described the wholesale slaughter

that took place at Bulawayo when Lo Bengula's witch-doctors 'smelt out the King's enemies.' On a small scale such scenes were a regular part of Kaffir life. Witchcraft is considered the source of most illnesses and misfortunes, and the witch-doctor the professional person able to discover the culprits. The punishments for witchcraft were often extremely shocking. Men, women, even young girls, were not uncommonly fastened down on a white-ant-heap, to be eaten alive by these voracious little monsters. These horrors need to be mentioned sometimes, otherwise we are apt to take false and sentimental views of the relative merits of savagery and civilisation. The witch-doctor's career is necessarily one of fraud, and was formerly also one of blood, but he was probably above the ordinary level in intelligence. I have heard that the Governor of some German possession in Africa once kept a witch-doctor of his own. The natives liked it, and he learnt from his witch-doctor things both of practical and scientific interest which he could not otherwise have learnt. It is said that a witch-doctor of any importance has everywhere emissaries to keep him informed of all that is going on, so that merely as a spy he must have been invaluable to the Governor. But imagine the scene in our British Parliament if Sir William Milton or Sir Percy Girouard were reported as keeping a native witch-doctor! Doubtless the Matabele or Makalanga chief still keeps his witch-doctor, but no longer does a crowd of fascinated negroes watch in breathless awe and suspense the whirling figure whose outstretched arm will bring death to one of their number. The power of the chief is destroyed—too much so, some think, as its complete disappearance increases the difficulties of government. You cannot in justice make a chief responsible for the comings and goings, the general or particular conduct, of his tribe, where he has no means of enforcing his will. Moreover, Makalangas, who were formerly concentrated in kraals, are beginning to scatter themselves in separate huts about the veldt—a proceeding which no chief would have tolerated, when he had the power to prevent it, and one which, in so immense a territory, is obviously inconvenient to any Government. It makes the taxes infinitely more laborious to collect, and all regulations very difficult to enforce—among others, those for the preservation of game, which it is the Kaffir's habit to destroy wholesale, firing the Bush to drive it out. His immediate masters are the Native Commissioner and his subordinates, the

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Magistrate and the white policeman. The present tendency is to unite as often as possible the offices of Magistrate and Native Commissioner, and a knowledge of Roman-Dutch law, which is that of Rhodesia as of other South African States, is required of young men in the Native Department. The life may be one of extreme isolation, the Commissioner and his young 'sub' depending on each other for society, with, in Southern Rhodesia, the very probable addition of a white settler. If Dutch, however, he will hardly count as company. It is the limitations of the Boer as much as his qualities that make him excel as a breaker-up of ground. Having broken it up and extracted enough from it for his very rudimentary wants, he is content; he does not progress. There are compensations for the intense loneliness of this life, which many men prefer to that of a small township. Northern Rhodesia is still the paradise of the big-game hunter. In spite of the exterminating habits of the native (now no longer engaged in killing or being killed by his brethren) on the veldts there is still plenty of sport to be had in Southern Rhodesia also. The wealthy big-game sportsman from England, who travels with a retinue of Dutch professional hunters and servants of both colours, is a different sort of sportsman from the Rhodesian, who has learnt his Art of Venerie alone on the veldt with his black Boys. From them he learns to mark the spoor, the droppings, the pressed grasses where the wild creature has lain, and to recognise its kind and how fresh or how cold its traces. Seldom, indeed, can his degenerate civilised eyes learn to mark the prey from so great a distance as those bright-rolling savage orbs, but he can learn to mark it from far enough, to spy it quickly, however it dissimulates itself in the tawny grass or in the deep thicket. And if he be young and well-knit, he will learn how to run—run swift and long, in rivalry with the Kaffir, but with rifle on shoulder, to head off or to catch a wounded buck. And he will see sights the savage eyes, for all their animal keenness and brilliancy, cannot see, because he will see beauty. He will see it when the sun is low and the world is clothed in the fair colours of evening, and up there on the height, out from the edge of the thick wood and over the meadowy slope, comes sailing into view a herd of antelopes, black and tall and swift as black horses, and graceful in form and light in motion as only antelopes can be,—and when the stately bull that leads them, whose great fretted horns sweep back with so noble a scimitar-curve,

pauses a moment to throw up his splendid head and question the air with dilated nostrils. He will see it at night, when, wrapped in his blanket, he lies down on the open veldt beside the protecting fire, and faces for a few moments the stars glittering in the deep tropic night, before his eyes close in the hunter's swift-falling sleep. It is one of the paradoxes of character, especially of British character, that there are men whose eyes are only opened to the beauty and interest of nature and of the animals, by the process of killing animals. If the black Boys do not share the æsthetic pleasures of the white man, they share to the full the excitement of the chase, and their joy in the resulting meat-meals does not admit of being expressed in prose. It is Homeric!

To the dweller in a township, however small, the black man is but an adjunct to life. To the solitary white man he is its main feature. The former must, at any rate if an official, learn the native languages, instead of being content, as town-dwellers constantly are, with Kitchen Kaffir. He sees the native in a natural state and living his own life. He learns to realise him, and to sympathise with his point of view, as no one can do who lives surrounded by men of his own kind. This will commonly awaken in the average Englishman, of an education which at all fits him for the position, that serious sense of duty and responsibility towards others, that well-mingled justness and kindness, which have made British rule a blessing, whether appreciated or not, to the many lands over which the Union Jack is hoisted. Generally speaking, and in those parts of South Africa which have been longest civilised, the dwellers in towns have a worse opinion of the Kaffir than those who know him as he is untouched by civilisation. Indeed, it sometimes happens that the entirely natural, half-animal life of the savage has a dangerous attraction for the civilised man, who, while still enjoying the power and prestige of a superior being, sinks, as with a sigh of relief, towards the savage level. Such, no doubt, was the white man of whom it is told in Makalanga tradition—which stretches back for at least two hundred years—that he came and lived many years among them, but eventually came to a bad end because he took part in a quarrel between two chiefs. That the Kaffir's character generally suffers from contact with civilisation is everywhere admitted. He loses, it is said, his Kaffir morals, and gains no others. Probably the cause of this is that Kaffir morals are essentially tribal and

rudimentary. When the individual parts from his tribe he parts from his conscience. Such cases are not unknown among Europeans.

The domination of the white man almost invariably improves the position of black or Oriental womenkind. This is sure to be, at first, a cause of discontent to their lords and masters. The bitter cry of the Kaffir father or, it may be, rejected bridegroom, may sometimes be heard in the land. Not long since a girl was to be married to an old man, who was prepared to pay the required number of cattle to her father. The bride appealed to the Native Commissioner, protesting against the bridegroom on account of his age. The Commissioner gave judgment in her favour, to the satisfaction of many of the Kaffirs themselves. But on the whole it is regarded as a sad sign of the times that the girls are beginning to refuse to be married to men they do not like. It must be said that, among the Mashonas at any rate, if a girl had no choice in the matter of her marriage, she had a certain tacit permission to leave a husband she found intolerable. The wife's parents would receive her back if they thought her complaints justified; and although the injured husband had a right to demand restitution of the cattle paid for her, he would not usually do so, for fear that his parents-in-law should imagine that he intended to send an evil spirit to bewitch their family. This is in the case of the woman running away to another man.

In all the human species the instinct of motherhood—in itself strange, if we thought deeply enough about it—develops the moral nature of women in general, however it may fail to do so in certain individuals. Mr. Kidd, in 'The Essential Kaffir,' says that it alone vanquishes the Bantu horror of death which leads to the dying person being carried out of the kraal on to the veldt and left there to agonise alone. But all the terrors of the spirit-world will not induce the mother to abandon her dying child. It may be accident or it may be for this real reason, that the only tales I have heard of heroic self-sacrifice among Kaffirs relate to women. I have told already the modern instance of the old Kaffir woman who killed the man-eating lion. There is an older story, of what date I know not. It relates that the inhabitants of a Makalanga village were much troubled by a certain chief who had dug a great pit on their land to catch game. And not only did he destroy the

game, but their cattle fell into his pit and were killed, and they could get no redress for it. And there was a certain woman in the village who had four sons, and they were so poor that they could not marry, for they had no cattle wherewith to buy wives. And this was a great affliction and disgrace to them. And the woman said to herself, 'I will fall into the pit and be killed; all the people will be very angry, and they will see to it that the chief makes my sons compensation.' So the woman threw herself into the pit, and her dead body was found there. And it happened as she had foreseen. For when the people saw that even a human being had fallen into this pit and had been killed, there was so much anger against the chief that he was compelled to pay a heavy compensation to the woman's sons. And they were no longer poor, but married wives and had children.

Another story is not Rhodesian, but comes from Zululand. The great and terrible Chaka would not allow anyone except himself to own cattle; and he forbade anyone, on pain of death, to give food or assistance of any kind to men found driving herds of cattle. And in order to see whether his commands were being obeyed, he sent out men with cattle and bade them drive the herd north, and see whether in any kraal they could get food. The men with the cattle went on and on, and at every kraal they were repulsed. At last, faint and worn out, they came to a kraal far up in the country and piteously begged for food. But the inhabitants feared Chaka and would give them nothing. Yet one young girl, a chief's daughter, was filled with compassion for the men in their hunger and weariness. So, since she could not persuade anyone else to succour them, she herself went out by night and brought them food. And when the people of the kraal knew what she had done, and found also that the men were Chaka's, they were very angry with the girl and very much afraid. Their chief men hastened down to Chaka's kraal, taking her with them. And they told him the whole story, and how neither man, woman, nor child at their kraal had disobeyed his royal commands except this girl. So Chaka took the girl to wife, but the rest of the kraal he wiped out.

I have said that the Kaffir believes in spirits, both of the dead and of unknown origin; but he has no comfort of any of them, regarding them all with equal terror. The convinced Materialist will dismiss all this side of savage life with exiguous explanations and firm contempt. Those whose minds remain

open on such subjects will regard it as very probable that a race of human beings so near the animal has certain perceptive faculties almost entirely lost to ourselves, which many animals appear to possess. White men who have lived long in the wide solitudes of Africa, or, indeed, anywhere in the tropic Bush, are not usually altogether scoffers at the superstitions of the savage, though they will seldom express their real belief or tell their experiences. 'No one has spent much time in the Bush without having had some odd experience or other,' I have heard a well-known West African traveller say. 'But we don't generally care to talk about it.' A less well-known traveller, an intrepid missionary lady, who had watched a tigress fondle her cubs in a Malay jungle, and seen that rare sight, a flying lemur, was more candid. 'Yes, the Devil is often in the jungle: I saw him there once myself,' she remarked one day; evidently putting his Satanic Majesty on a lower level as a curiosity than the flying lemur. The lonely Boer farmhouses farther south are said to be freely haunted, and of one uncanny veldt-ghost I have heard which comes and runs beside the night-travelling Cape-cart and is never left behind, however the sweating mules may gallop; and sometimes it gets in. And he who has once met it will never again drive over that veldt by night, although he may be a good sportsman, an educated man, and also a brave soldier.

ARABINIANA.

Duncan. What bloody man is that?

Malcolm. This is the serjeant.—*Macbeth*, Act I. sc. 1.

ONLY two published notices of this book have come to the present writer's knowledge. One is in Lady Holland's 'Life of Sydney Smith,' as noted by the reporter himself in a copy of the book now in my possession; this shall be set out in due course. The other is in an old article from the 'Pall Mall Gazette' pasted into the same copy. Neither of them can be said to add much to our information. The anonymous article, published in 1867, contains at least one mistake; for it calls Arabin Common Serjeant, an office he never held: and I should guess that the author was not a lawyer. His judgment was not amiss, however, whether derived only from the book itself or from some private tradition, when he described Serjeant Arabin as 'an original, absent, eccentric man, not wanting in mother wit, but very much so in the faculty of expressing himself rationally.' This William St. Julien Arabin, Serjeant-at-Law, one of the Commissioners of the Central Criminal Court, and Judge of the Sheriff's Court in London, administered justice from 1827 till his death in 1841, besides acting as Judge Advocate-General for a short time; and I have found no record of any public dissatisfaction with his performance. Indeed there is but scanty record of any kind. A short obituary notice in the 'Annual Register' tells us that the Serjeant was the only son of a general, succeeded to extensive estates in Middlesex and Essex, and died at the age of sixty-six at his residence, High Beech, Essex. Father and son are alike unknown to the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' neither has anything been found in legal periodicals. The seat at High Beech, Essex, and the property in Middlesex, explain an intimate knowledge of the Uxbridge neighbourhood, and brickmakers' manners therein, of which a sample will be given. It may be difficult to laymen who have no experience of reporting to believe that a judge could be efficient who addressed a convicted prisoner in these

terms : ' I have no doubt of your guilt ; you go into a public-house and break bulk, and drink beer ; and that's what in law is called embezzlement.'

Stronger judges have taken liberty, now and then, to be concise and masterful ; there is a legendary summing-up of Baron Martin's in these words : ' Gentlemen of the jury—the man stole the boots. Consider your verdict.' Baron Martin's law, however, was beyond suspicion ; he knew better than to confuse the lay people in court with the highly technical definition of larceny, but if he had given it at all he would have given it correctly.

Reporters and editors are more charitable than the lay people. They know very well that competent, learned, and even wise persons do say many things which would look passing strange if they were printed exactly as they were said and without the context and circumstances ; and on the whole we are free to believe that Serjeant Arabin's charges were more likely to let a humorous rogue escape (as indeed the book shows they sometimes did) than to cause London juries to go astray to any serious extent. It would be too much to maintain that Arabin was learned or wise, but it may be a pious or at least a ' probable ' opinion that he was competent in his own eccentric fashion. If any person be living who could be offended by the present publication, which at this date is not likely, these considerations may suffice to show that there was never real cause of offence in the innocent mirth which ' Arabiniana ' has added for the last two generations to the professional diversions of the Common Law Bar. The reporter himself did not think it needful to conceal his identity, for he signed the preface—a piece of solemn burlesque too technical to be quoted here—with his true initials ' H. B. C.' There is no reason for not giving his name in full except that it is good to reserve a few traditions for the faithful, and that the disclosure would signify very little to the world at large. He was assisted, moreover, by quite half-a-dozen learned friends, to whose communications several of the Serjeant's *dic'a*, and some of the best, are due. These are acknowledged in the regular professional form as being *ex relatione* C. P., or as the case may be. No variation in style can be discovered between the sayings preserved by H. B. C. and his several companions, and this is pretty good warrant that the reporting was correct.

Here is a group of judicial remarks on the morals of the home counties. Only the names and dates of the cases are omitted, and one indication is peculiar to this volume of reports. ' The student

will observe,' says the Preface, 'that A.P. signifies *Ante Prandium*; and P.P., *Post Prandium*.' From this we may learn that in the reign of King William IV. the Court still sat after dinner (the luncheon interval not having been at that time introduced); but at least one student has diligently perused '*Arabiniana*' without finding any manner of difference between the ante-prandial and the post-prandial utterances of the Court. Any reader who thinks his research may be more successful is therefore referred to the book at large. If he is a member of Lincoln's Inn, he will find it in that honourable Society's library, rather ignominiously sandwiched in a volume of commonplace pamphlets.

Of bad neighbourhoods, brickmakers, and young women with children in their arms.

THE COURT. I know *High Wycombe*; it is the worst neighbourhood on the face of the earth. The whole country is covered with brickmakers. They come from all parts of the world. I know all about them.

Indictment for stealing pigs.

Barry, for prisoner, called *Mary Hall*. On her entering the box, the Court addressed her in these words: 'Now, young woman, for you are a young woman, and have a child in your arms, if I catch you tripping, I will put you where the prisoner is. I have given you warning kindly: you had better say you know nothing about it.'

The prisoner received a good character from three witnesses.

THE COURT, *in charge*. He was a brickmaker. Now, we all know what a brickmaker's character is; at least, I do. Gentlemen, I know the prosecutor, *Mr. Austin*, well, and there is not a kinder-hearted man in the whole county of *Essex* [*the prosecutor lived at Uxbridge*], and I am quite sure he can have none but a proper feeling in this case.

Not guilty.

[The prisoner, in his brief, stated that his premises were searched, and no living animal was found in his possession except his own person, and suggested that the pigs had strayed for a little recreation.]

THE COURT, *in charge*. This is a case from *Uxbridge*. I won't say a word, as can any one doubt the prisoner's guilt?

THE COURT, *to constable*. Is Barnet a very honest place ?

Constable. No, my lord.

THE COURT. No. To my certain knowledge there ought to be fifty constables there.

Brickmakers were not Serjeant Arabin's only special aversion. Sincerity calls for the painful admission that he was not only a confirmed bachelor but an anti-feminist.

R. v. MARY ANN KELLY, May 18, 1833.

Verdict, *Guilty*.

THE COURT, *to prisoner*. You must go out of the country ; you have disgraced even your sex.

A female witness did not speak out.

THE COURT, *to witness*. You come here with your heads in false wigs. If you can't speak out, I'll take off your bonnet ; if that won't do, you shall take your cap off ; and if you don't speak out then, I'll take your hair off.

[But on a recent occasion in a County Court a female witness, when the judge complained that he could not see her face, offered to take off her hat, which His Honour disallowed with some indignation.]

Indictment for stealing a pail of milk.

Jane Watson examined by the Court.

THE COURT. What is your husband's name ?

Witness. I am not married.

THE COURT. I mean he who is *Ruth Watson*.

Thomas Watson examined by the Court.

THE COURT. Is that your pail ?

Witness. Yes.

THE COURT. Well, although you are married, I suppose you are man enough to swear to a pail of milk.

Nevertheless there are notes of a more chivalrous mood.

THE COURT. One woman is worth twenty men for a witness any day.

Witness, a shoemaker, did not speak out, and said he had a cold.

THE COURT. A man with a cold is not fit to try a lady's shoes on.

[It would even seem that women, or at any rate tall women, are presumed to be wise.]

THE COURT, *to witness*. Woman, how can you be so stupid? You are tall enough to be wise enough.

What was the standard of intelligence applied by Serjeant Arabin to the mereman?—the 'external standard' of reasonable competence which Mr. Justice Holmes of the American Supreme Court has shown to be a fundamental conception in our modern law? The report is rather meagre on this point.

Per curiam. No man is fit to be a cheesemonger who cannot guess the length of a street.

The credibility of Irish witnesses was a doubtful question for the learned Serjeant. Like many great men, he had prejudices, but did not fetter himself by rigid consistency.

April 9, 1832. A.P.

An Irish witness admitted that he had told some lies about the case; but insisted that all which he swore was true.

THE COURT, *in charge*. The witness is an Irishman, and people from that country, very generally, do not speak the truth when they are not on oath; but they may be believed when they are.

July, 1832.

THE COURT, *in charge*. These Irish witnesses are a good-humoured set of people, and don't much mind what they swear.

Phillips, *amicus curiæ*. Why, my lord, your father was an Irishman.

THE COURT. I know; I only mean that they have a very pleasant roundabout way of expressing themselves; they are all eloquent.

Ex relatione C. P.

Probably this Phillips was the same person as the learned friend C. P., for the Law List of 1832 shows a Charles Phillips practising on the Oxford Circuit, which was also H. B. C.'s, and at the London, Middlesex, and Westminster Sessions.

Londoners, it seems, were credited with being men of prompt action. 'It don't take a man long to change his breeches in London'; to which H. B. C., after the custom of the early reporters, adds a note of his own: '*Semble e contrà* in the country.' Sometimes we get ethical generalities on which the student must exercise his faith, hoping (as my Lord Coke saith) that in some other place, at some other time, the meaning will become clear to him. 'Now, what honest man could have any object in turning a horse's head

round the corner of a street? I have no opinion on the subject.' Once or twice a considerable body of miscellaneous observation is collected.

Of fat pigs, horses, constables, and the justice of the case. R. v. EDWARDS. February 22, 1834. A.P.

THE COURT, *in charge*. I know all about these things; the pigs were fat, if they were worth £4 each. And so a man drove the cart, and another went behind to keep the pigs between him and the cart; and you see, gentlemen, that it is a great happiness in our courts, that we can see the witnesses examined, and know exactly whether they tell the truth or not. And this witness said, 'I know the coat, and I am sure of it, for it was blue or black,' and he cannot be mistaken. The constable is a shrewd man, as most men in the country are, who know the habits of horses, and he lets the horse go, and he finds his way to a row of houses. It was not necessary that he should go to the very house; he goes to one, which is enough to satisfy the justice of the case, and nothing can be clearer.

The words last quoted lead the memory to another *dictum* which stands alone in its curious verbal infelicity: 'If ever there was a case of clearer evidence than this of persons acting together, this case is that case.' As a contrast we may take one really pointed remark, 'a little out of fashion,' but sensible enough.

How many Wives and Children a man may have.

R. v. FAULKNER, January 3, 1834. A.P.

Prisoner said he had a wife and four children.

THE COURT. Never mind. You may have twenty wives and twenty children, but you must not abuse the public.

Ex relatione F. P. W.

So did the learned Serjeant vindicate the law's impartiality. Regard for its majesty sometimes led him into excess of zeal.

Of the wishes of all good men.

R. v. WALKER. January 1833. P.P.

Indictment for uttering counterfeit coin.

THE COURT, *to jury*. Gentlemen, the lowest punishment is imprisonment for one year.

Ellis, for prosecution. The words of the Act are, 'not exceeding one year.'

THE COURT. Yes. But every good man would wish—Gentlemen, consider your verdict.

Arabin, we fear, was not free from anti-Semite bias.

Of Apollo.

A Jew had given the prisoner a good character.

THE COURT, *in charge*. Now, gentlemen, you have heard the case; and the Jew says, that the prisoner has borne a good character; and that he, the Jew, never heard anything against him. All I shall say to that is, *Credat Judæus Apollo*. If he does, I don't, and dare say you won't, gentlemen.

A rather puzzling question arises from the perusal and meditation of 'Arabiniana.' Not only H. B. C., but several other learned friends, were watching and collecting Arabin's *dicta*. They must have been talked over and must have circulated among the Bar. In such circumstances one might expect a cycle of oral tradition to grow up, which would be preserved in more than one version, and exhibit the usual features of agreement, amplification, and variance. Now such a cycle has been preserved in our own time among those members of the Western Circuit who had the happiness of being acquainted with Mr. Hicks of Bodmin, a great collector and teller of dialect stories. Incidentally the Hicks tales have shown that exact oral tradition is quite possible even in an age of print and writing. My friend W. F. Collier of Plymouth wrote down, and in time published, a collection of Hicksian stories as he remembered them; the late Mr. Furneaux of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who dwelt still nearer to Hicks, used to repeat them from his own memory; and their text of the longest and best known story, concerning the deliberations of a Cornish jury, was the same almost word for word. There exists, however, another version which goes back to an excellent authority in West-country matters, the late Lord Iddesleigh; this is much shorter. I do not know that it has ever been printed. Nothing of this kind has happened with Arabin's sayings; I never heard of any record or distinct remembrance of them outside the thin but now precious volume of H. B. C.'s making. Again, one would expect that Arabin's notoriety would provide shelter for some of the masterless professional anecdotes which float down from generation to generation, and are re-told sometimes without a name, sometimes with a name taken at random. This also, so far as I know, did not happen. It is true that my grandfather, sometime Chief Baron of the Exchequer, attributed to Arabin, as I am assured by good authority, a saying which is still current enough in such words as these: 'Prisoner, God has given

you good abilities, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks.' There is nothing incredible in the attribution; compare the reported *dictum*, 'If you are in distress, you must apply to the proper authorities, and not take the law into your own hands and steal.' If it was right, this is a solitary case of independent Arabiniana tradition. First-hand it could not well be; my grandfather was already a K.C. in 1832, and was not likely to have any business in the Sheriff's Court. Perhaps H. B. C.'s report was accepted among his companions as being authentic and sufficient, and leaving them no occasion to tax their memories. If this be not a convincing explanation, I can offer none better.

The fame of 'Arabiniana' reached America pretty soon, as witnessed by a note in H. B. C.'s own writing, and initialled by him, which is pasted into the fly-leaves of a copy in my possession:

Arabiniana was reprinted at Philadelphia in 1846. The edition was of twelve copies only, one of which was sent to Lord Macaulay, and given by him to me. The only addition is:

'Mr. Justice Story,
from Edward Everett.'

I am told that these anecdotes, incredible as they seem, are true.

Manuscript note in the English copy in Harvard College Library.

That copy could not be found when I made inquiry some years ago, neither have I met any learned friend in America who has seen the Philadelphia reprint. Here is a little hunt, not without reward if it succeeds, to be taken up by some diligent American bibliographer.

On the same leaf is an extract from a letter of Sydney Smith's to Lord Murray: 'Tell William Murray, with my kindest regards, to get for you, when he comes to town, a book called "*Arabiniana*, or Remains of Mr. Serjeant Arabin" [the title is amplified without warrant],—very witty and humorous. It is given away—not sold, but I have in vain endeavoured to get a copy.' The reference is to Lady Holland's '*Life of Sydney Smith*,' vol. ii. p. 506 [should be 505]; the date is December 4, 1843. H. B. C. adds: 'I sent him a copy by Barham (Thomas Ingoldsby).' What became of that copy?

The anonymous writer in the '*Pall Mall Gazette*' (April 27, 1867), whose judgment on Arabin has been already mentioned, drew a parallel between '*Arabiniana*' and a collection, also privately printed, of sayings delivered by a learned professor of geography at Gotha,

named Galletti, about the beginning of the nineteenth century. He found specimens of these in Petermann's 'Geographical Miscellany' (*qu. Mittheilungen?*). With great respect, we conceive that the Gallettiana were not strictly in the same line, but rather of the Malaprop genus.

The earth has, like all bodies, parallel circles, which intersect each other. That is mathematical geography.

Which is the right and which the left bank of a river can only be determined at its source.

If Persia was a three-sided square like America, it would be easy to measure it.

The Cimbri and Teutones were in fact descended from each other.

Some years ago a giant was here, who was three feet and a half high, leaving out his head. A student: That was not very high. Professor: Yes; but he was also a dwarf.

Merit cannot be denied to these derangements; but the likeness is superficial, and Galletti cannot be set up as a rival to Arabin. As a book of reports, at all events—a book that rigorously fulfils the condition of being warranted throughout by members of the Bar present in Court—'Arabiniana' must remain unique.

The book being privately printed and scarce, I transcribe the title-page in due form:

ARABINIANA [motto as given at the head of this article.] For private distribution only. London MDCCCXLIII. Not published.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

OF TOWN PLANNING.

MUCH has been said lately about town planning. Conferences have been held, speeches have been made, articles have been written, papers have been read, and columns of newspaper-notices have appeared, and yet I am daring to occupy eleven pages of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE to try and add a few more remarks to what has already been so well and so forcibly put forth.

But in apology for the presumption, it can be said that what I want to say does not intrench on the province of the architect, the surveyor, or the artist. The questions of traffic-congestion, density of population, treatment of levels, arrangement of trams, water or gas, relation of railway termini or docks to thoroughfares, organisation of periodic excess of street usage, relative positions of municipal buildings, harmony of material and design, standardisation of streets and road grading, appreciation of scale; on these matters I will not write, for on them contributions, interesting, dull, suggestive, or learned, have been abundantly produced, and 'are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles' of the great Conference held last month under the auspices of the Royal Institute of British Architects? And are not their potentialities visible beneath the legal phraseology of Mr. John Burns' Town-planning Act of last Parliament?

It is so delightful to realise that some of the best brains of this and other countries are turning their thoughts to the solution of what Mr. T. S. Horsfall (who for many years was a voice crying in the wilderness) demanded as the elemental right of every human being, 'the conditions of a healthy life.' It is comforting to know that others are doing the thinking, especially when one is old, and can recall one's passionate, youthful indignation at the placid acceptance of stinking courts and alleys as the normal homes for the poor, when the memory is still vivid of the grand day when one portion of the network of such courts, in St. Jude's parish, was swept away, and a grave, tall, carefully planned tenement-building, erected by the public-spirited kindness of the late Mr. George M. Smith, arose in its stead, 'built to please Barnett as an experiment.'

Some five-and-twenty years ago, when old Petticoat Lane was
VOL. XXX.—NO. 175, N.S.

pulled down, my husband sent in to the Local Authority a suggestion of laying the area out so that Commercial Road should be continued right through to Bishopsgate; the letter and plans were merely acknowledged and the proposal ignored. Five years ago we filled one of the rooms in the *Whitechapel Exhibition* with plans of how East London might be improved, but it elicited only little interest, local or otherwise; and now last month, but a few years later, all the walls of Burlington House were covered with town-planning exhibits, drawings, plans, and designs, and its floor space amply supplied with models from all parts of the world.

And the thought given is so fresh, so unconventional, and so full of characteristics, that one came away from a careful study of that great Exhibition with a clear sense of the individualities of the various nations, as they had stated their ideals for their towns. Some in broad avenues, great piazzas, parallel streets, careful to adopt Christopher Wren's ideal, that 'gardens and unnecessary vacuities . . . be placed out of the town.' Some in fairy cities, girt with green girdles of open space, tree-lined roads, parks designed for quiet as well as for play, waterways used for pleasure locomotion as well as for business traffic, contours considered as producers of beauty, the view as well as the shelter planned for. Some with scrupulous care for the history of the growth of the city, its natural features, the footmarks left by its wars, each utilised with due regard to modern requirements and the tendencies of the future. Some glorying in the preservation of every scrap which could record age or civic history, others blatantly determined to show that the old was folly, and that only of the brand-new can it be said 'the best is yet to be.'

The imagination is stirred by the opportunities which the Colonies possess, and envy is mixed with gratitude that they will have the chance of creating glorious cities warned by the Old Country's mistakes, and realising by the progress of economic science that the flow of humanity is ever towards aggregation. The 'Back-to-the-land' cry falls on ninety irresponsible ears to ten responsive ones, for the large majority of human beings desire to live in juxtaposition with mankind. It behoves thinkers all the more, therefore, to plan beautiful cities, places to live as well as to work in, and enough of them to prevent a few becoming so large as to absorb more than a healthy share of national life and wealth.

But if all of us may think imperially, it is given to most of us only to act locally, and, therefore, I will trundle your minds and mine back from the visions of town planning amid the plains of Canada, the fiords and mountains of British Columbia, the high lands and broad veldts of Africa, the varied beauties of wood, hill, and sea of Australia and New Zealand, back from the stimulating, almost intoxicating, vision of the work lying before our great Colonies, to the sobering atmosphere of a London or a Manchester suburb, with its miles of mean streets already built, or its open fields and new-made roads, laid out as if under the ruler of the office-boy.

Whoever undertakes the area to be laid out, whether it is the municipality or a public land company, should see that the planning is done on a large scale. The injury wrought to towns hitherto has been often due to the narrowness of personal interests and the limitation of the acres dealt with, both of which dim the far sight. The almost unconscious influence of dealing with a wide area is shown in existing schemes, which have been undertaken by owners of large estates, whether the area be planned for an industrial village, such as Mr. Lever's at Port Sunlight, or for a housing-reform scheme like Mr. Cadbury's at Bournville; or to accommodate the leisured, as the Duke of Devonshire's at Eastbourne, or the artistic, as Mr. Comyns Carr's at Bedford Park; or to create a fresh commercial city, as conceived by Mr. Ebenezer Howard at Letchworth; or to house all classes in attractive surroundings as at the Hampstead Garden Suburb. Whatever be the purpose, the fact of a large area has influenced them all. It has had, as it were, something of the same effect as the opportunity of the Sistine Chapel had on Michael Angelo. The population to be accommodated was large enough to require its own places of worship, public halls, or clubs, its schools, and recreation-grounds. So the lines were drawn with a generous hand, and human needs considered, with a view to their provision within the confines of the estate, instead of being treated as the organ-grinder, and advised to seek satisfaction in the next street—or accommodation on neighbouring land.

The idea of town or suburb planning has not yet found its way into the minds which dominate local Public Authorities, but a few examples will doubtless awaken them to the benefits of the Act, if not from the æsthetic, yet from the economic point of view, and then borough or ward boundaries will become as unnoticeable

for town-planning purposes as ecclesiastical parish ones now are for educational administration.

Foremost among the problems will be the allotment of different positions of the area under consideration to different classes of society, or perhaps it would be better to say different standards of income.

No one can view with satisfaction any town, whether in England, America, or the Colonies, where the poor, the strenuous, and the untutored live as far as possible removed from the rich, the leisured, and the cultivated. The divorce is injurious to both. Too commonly is it supposed that the poor only suffer from the separation, but those who have the privilege of friendships among the working-people know that the wealthy lose more by not making their acquaintance than can possibly be computed.

'I often advise you to make friends,' said the late Dr. Jowett to a body of undergraduates assembled in Balliol Hall to hearken to my husband and Mr. C. S. Loch, as they spoke of the inhabitants of East or South London in the early 'seventies, but 'now I will add further advice: Make some of your friends among the poor.'

Excellent as the advice is, it is hardly possible to follow when certain classes live at one end of the town, and other classes dwell in the extreme opposite district. It may be given to the few to create artificial methods of meeting, but to the large mass of people, so long as they live in separate neighbourhoods, they must remain ignorant of each other to a very real, if undefinable, loss—the loss of understanding, mutual respect, and that sense of peace which comes when one sits in the parlour and knows the servants are doing their best, or works in the kitchen and knows that those who govern are directed by a large-hearted sympathy. Again and again in 1905-6, when the idea of provision being made for all classes of society in the Hampstead Garden Suburb was being submitted to the public, I was told that the cultivated would never live voluntarily in the neighbourhood of the industrial classes, but I was immensely surprised when I laid the scheme before a leading workman and trade-unionist to be told—

'It is all very nice as you say it, Mrs. Barnett, but I'm mistaken if you will find any self-respecting workman who cares to bring his family to live alongside of the rich. They're a bad example with their pleasure-loving sons and idle, vain daughters, always thinking of dressing, and avoiding work and natural duties as if they were sins.'

The acceptance of society newspaper paragraphs and divorce reports as accurate and exhaustive accounts of the lives of the leisured, even by thinking workmen, serves as an additional evidence of the need of common neighbourhood to correct so dangerous and disintegrating a view.

There can be no doubt but that Part III. of the Housing Act of 1890 is, in so far as it affects recent town development, responsible for much of this lamentable ignorance, for under its powers provision can only be made to house the industrial classes, and thus whole neighbourhoods have grown up, as large in themselves as a small provincial town occupied by one class, or those classes the range of whose difference is represented by requiring two or three bedrooms, a 'kitchen,' or a 'parlour cottage.'

That this segregation of classes into distinct areas is unnecessary as well as socially dangerous, is evidenced by many small English towns, such as Wareham, Godalming, Huntingdon, where the grouping together of all sorts of people has taken place under normal conditions of growth, as well as in the Garden Suburb at Hampstead, where the areas to house people of various degrees of income were clearly defined in the original plan, and have been steadfastly adhered to. In that estate the rents range from tenements of 3s. 3d. a week to houses standing in their own gardens of rentals to 250*l.* a year, united by cottages, villas and houses priced at every other figure within that gamut. The inhabitants can dwell there as owners, or by renting their dwellings, or through the welcoming system and elastic doors of the co-partners, or as weekly tenants in the usual way. No sort of difficulty has arisen, and the often-expressed fears have proved groundless. Indeed, the result of the admixture of all classes has been a kindlier feeling and a richer sympathy, as people of varied experience, different educational standards, and unequal incomes feel themselves drawn together in the enjoyment of good music, in the discussion of social problems, in the preparation by their children of such a summer's day festival as the 'Masque of Fairthorpe,' or to enjoy the unaffected pleasures of the public open spaces and wall-less gardens.

In England we have not yet reached the gorgeous, riotous generosity of the Americans, who plan parks by the mile, and cheerfully spend, as Boston did, 7,500,000*l.* for a girdle of parks, woods, meadows, sea and lake embankments; or vote, as Chicago did, 3,600,000*l.* for the creation of a connected system

of twenty-two parks; but we in humbler England have some ground for congratulation, that, as a few years ago a flowerless open space was counted adequate, now a well-kept garden is desired; but on the definition of their uses and the difficulties of their upkeep something has yet to be said.

Everyone has seen derelict open spaces, squares, crescents, three-angled pieces of ground deliberately planned to create beauty, but allowed to become the resting places of too many weary cats or disused household utensils, the grass neither mown, protected, nor re-sown. 'The children like it kept so,' people say, but I doubt if they do. In Westminster there are two open spaces, one planted and cared for, the other just an unkept open space. Both face south, both overlook the river, both are open free, but the children flock into the garden, leaving the open space drearily empty. It is to be regretted, for their noise, even when it is happy shouting and not discordant wrangling, is disturbing to those whose strenuous lives necessitate that they take their exercise or rest without disturbance. But, on the other hand, the children are entitled to their share of the garden, and those 'passionless reformers,' order, beauty, colour, may perhaps speak their messages more effectually into ears when they are young.

The solution of the difficulty has been found by the Germans in their thoughtful planning of parks, and few things were more delightful in the Town-planning Exhibition than the photographs of the children paddling in the shallow pools, making castles (I saw no sign of fortifications!) in the sand, playing rough running games on gravel slopes, or quieter make-believes in the spinneys, all specially provided in specially allocated children's areas. Isolated instances of such provision are existent in our English parks, but the principle, that some people are entitled to public peace as well as others to public play, is not yet recognised, and that there should be zones in which noise is permitted, and zones in which silence must be maintained is as yet an inconceivable restriction. So the children usually shout, race, scream, or squabble amid the grown-ups, kept even in such order as they are by the fear of the park-keeper, whom their consciences encourage them to credit with supernatural powers of observation. He is usually a worthy, patient man, but an expensive adjunct, and one who could sometimes be dispensed with if the children's 'sphere of influence' were clearly defined. The promiscuous presence of

children affects also both the standard of cost of the upkeep of open spaces, although the deterioration of their standard is more often due to the lapse of the authority who created them.

It is because the changes of circumstances so frequently affect disastrously the appearance of public spaces that I would offer for consideration the suggestion that they should be placed under the care of the municipality, under stringent covenants concerning their uses, purposes, maintenance, and reservation for the inhabitants of special dwellings. This step would not, of course, be necessary where the owner or company still holds the land, but in cases where the houses for which the square or joint garden was provided have each strayed into separate ownership, and their ground-rents treated only as investments, then everyone's duty usually becomes no one's duty, and the garden drops into a neglected home for 'unconsidered trifles.' I could quote instances of this, not only in East London, but in Clifton, Reading, Ventnor, York, or give brighter examples of individual effort and enthusiasm which have awakened the interest of the neighbours to take pride in the appearance, and pay towards the upkeep, of their common pleasance.

The arguments in favour of the municipality having the care of these publicly enjoyed or semi-private open spaces would be the advantages of a higher gardening standard, the economy of interchange or roots, seeds, and tools, the benefit of a staff large enough to meet seasonal needs, the stimulating competition of one garden against another, and the additional gift of beauty to the passers-by, who could thus share without intrusion the fragrance of the flowers and the melody of symphonies in colour.

'But how can the public enjoy the gardens when they are usually behind walls?' I hear that delightful person, the deadly practical man, murmur; and this brings me to another question, 'Are walls round open spaces necessary?'

English people seem to have adopted the idea that it is essential to surround their parks and gardens with visible barriers, perhaps because England is surrounded by the sea—a very visible line of demarcation; but, in the stead of a dancing joy, a witchful barrier, uniting while it separates, they have put up grim hard walls, ugly dividing fences, barriers which challenge trespass, and make even the law-abiding citizen desire to climb over and see what is on the other side.

It is extraordinary how firmly established is the acceptance of

the necessity of walls and protection. Nearly thirty-five years ago, when the first effort was made to plant Mile End Road with trees, and to make its broad margins gracious with shrubs and plants, we were met by the argument that they would not be safe without high railings. I recall the croakings of those who combated the proposal to open Leicester Square to the public, and who of us has not listened to the regrets of the landowner on the expense entailed by his estate boundary fences?

If you say, 'Why make them so high, or keep them up so expensively, as you do not preserve your game? Why not have low hedges or short open fences, over which people can see and enjoy your property?' he will look at you with a gentle pity, thinking of you as a deluded idealist, or perhaps his expression will change into something not so gentle as it dawns on him that, though one is the respectable wife of a respectable Canon, yet one may be holding 'some of those—Socialist theories.'

Not long ago I went, at the request of a gentleman who owned property, with his agent to see if suggestions could be made to improve the appearance of his estate and the happiness of his tenants. The gardens were small enough to be valueless, but between and around each were walls, many in bad repair.

'The first thing I should do would be to pull down those walls, and let the air in; things will then grow self-respect as well as flowers,' I said.

'What!' exclaimed the agent, 'pull down the walls? Why what would the men have to lean against?' thus conjuring up the vision one has so often seen of men leaning listlessly against the public-house walls, a sight which the possession of a garden, large enough to be profitable as well as pleasurable, ought to do much to abolish.

It is difficult to find arguments for walls. In many towns of America the gardens are wall-less, the public scrupulously observing the rights of ownership. In the Hampstead Garden Suburb all the gardens are wall-less, both public and private. The flowers bloom with the voluptuous abundance produced by virgin soil, but they remain untouched, not only by the inhabitants, which, of course, is to be expected, but by the thousands of visitors who come to see the realisation of the much-talked-of scheme, and respect the property as they share its pleasures.

In town-planning literature and talk much is said about houses, roads, centre-points to design, architectural features,

treatment of junctions, and many other items both important and interesting; but the tone of thought pervading all that I have yet read is that it is the healthy and happy, the respectable and the prosperous, for whom all is to be arranged. It takes all sorts to make a world, and the town planner who excludes in his arrangements the provision for the lonely, the sick, the sorrowful, and the handicapped will lose from the midst of the community some of its greatest moral teachers.

The children should be specially welcomed amid improved or beautiful surroundings, for the impressions made in youth last through life, and on the standards adopted by the young will depend the nation's welfare. A vast army of children are wholly supported by the State, some 100,000, while to them can be added nearly 200,000 more for whom the public purse is partly responsible. In town planning the needs of these children should be considered, and the claims of the sick openly met.

Hospitals are intended to help the sick poor, so, in planning the town or its growth, suitable sites should be chosen in relation to the population who require such aid; but in London many hospitals are clustered in the centre of the town, are enlarged, rebuilt, or improved on the old positions, though the people's homes and workshops have been moved miles away; thus the sick suffer in body and become poorer in purse, as longer journeys have to be undertaken after accidents, or when as out-patients they need frequent attention.

The wicked, the naughty, the sick, the demented, the sorrowful, the blind, the halt, the maimed, the old, the handicapped, the children are facts—facts to be faced, facts which demand thought, facts which should be reckoned with in town planning—for all, even the first-named, can be helped by being surrounded with 'whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report.'

Everyone who has been to Canada must have been struck with the evidence of faith in educational appreciation which the Canadians give in the preparation of their vast teaching centres.

'What impressed me greatly,' said Mr. Henry Vivian in his speech at the dinner given in his honour on his return from the Dominion, 'was the preparation that the present people have made for the education of the future people,' and he described the planning of one University, whose buildings, sports-grounds,

roads, hostels, and gardens were to cover 1,300 acres. Compare that with the statement of the Secretary of a Borough Council Education Authority, who told me the other day, with congratulatory pleasure, that long negotiations had at last obtained one acre and a-quarter for the building of a secondary school and a hoped-for three acres some distance off for the boys' playground.

The town planning of the future will make, it is to be hoped, generous provision for educational requirements, and not only for the inhabitants of the immediate locality. As means of transit become both cheaper and easier, it will be recognised as a gain for young people to go out of town to study, into purer air, away from nerve-wearing noise, amid flowers and trees, and with an outlook on a wider sky, itself an elevating educational influence both by day and night.

The need of what may be called artificial town addition can only concern the elder nations, who have, scattered over their lands, splendid buildings in the centre of towns that have ceased to grow. As an example, I would quote Ely. What a glorious Cathedral! kept in dignified elderly repair, its Deans, Canons, Minors, lay-clerks, and choir, all doing their respective daily duties in leading worship; but, alas! there the population is so small (7,713 souls) that the response by worshippers is necessarily inadequate—the output bears no proportion to the return. Beauty, sweetness, and light are wasted there, and West Ham exists, with its 267,000 inhabitants, its vast workshops and factories, its miles of mean streets of drab-coloured 'brick boxes with slate lids'—and no cathedral, no group of kind, leisured clergy to leaven the heavy dough of mundane, cheerless toil.

If town planning could be treated nationally, it might be arranged that Government factories could be established in Ely. Army clothiers, stationery manufactories, gunpowder depôts would bring the workers in their train. A suitable expenditure of the Public Works Loans money would cause the cottages to appear; schools would then arise, shops and lesser businesses, which population always brings into existence, would be started; and the Cathedral would become a House of Prayer, not only to the few religious ones who now rejoice in the services, but for the many whose thoughts would be uplifted by the presence in their midst of the stately witness of the Law of Love, and whose lives would be benefited by the helpful thought and wise consideration of those whose profession it is to serve the people.

Pending great changes, something might perhaps be done if individual owners and builders would consider the appearance, not only of the house they are building, but of the street or road of which it forms a part. A few months ago, in the bright sunshine, I stood on a hill-top, facing a delightful wide view, on a newly developed estate, and, pencil in hand, wrote the colours and materials of four houses standing side by side. This is the list:

No. 1 HOUSE.—Roof, grey slates; walls, white plaster with red brick; yellow-painted woodwork; red chimneys.

No. 2 HOUSE.—Roof, purpley-red tiles; walls, buff rough cast; brown-painted woodwork; yellow chimneys.

No. 3 HOUSE.—Roof, orangey-red tiles; walls, grey-coloured rough cast; white-painted woodwork; red chimneys.

No. 4 HOUSE.—Roof, crimson-red tiles; walls, stone-coloured rough cast; peacock-blue paint; red chimneys.

This bare list tells of the inharmonious relation of colours, but it cannot supply the variety of tones of red, nor yet the mixture of lines, roof-angles, balcony or bow projections, one of which ran up to the top of a steep-pitched roof, and was castellated at the summit. The road was called 'Bon Accord.' One has sometimes to thank local authorities for unconscious jokes.

My space is filled, and even a woman's monologue must conclude some time! But one paragraph more may be taken to put in a plea for space for an Open-air Museum. It need not be a large and exhaustive one, for there is something to be said for not making museums 'too bright and good for human nature's daily food.' There might be objects of museum interest scattered in groups about the green girdle which the young among my readers will, I trust, live to see round all great towns; or an open-air exhibit on a limited subject might be provided, as the late Mr. Burt arranged so charmingly at Swanage; or the Shakespeare Gardens, already started in some of the London County Council parks, might be further developed; or the more ambitious schemes of Stockholm and Copenhagen imitated; but whichever model is adapted the idea of open-air museums (which might be stretched to include bird sanctuaries) is one which should find a place in the gracious environment of our well-ordered towns when they have come under the law and the gospel of the Town-planning Act.

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

POLLY HITCHIN—HER BOOK

I.

I CAN'T believe as how we could have all gone to school and never guessed that this was going to be the most exciting day what ever was. It seemed just like every other day till dictation, and I had just got rarely into trouble through spelling scissors with three 'z's' and two 's's,' when all of a sudden in comes the head-mistress, and there was a swishing and a road-sweeping sort of a noise, and a smell like what's in the scent-machines, and in walks a beautiful lady. Her dress was all silk and satin, not a bit the sort of stuff that Edie buys, what only looks like silk whilst it's in the shop-window—and that's 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. a yard; so the lady's must have been a good bit more. The lady sets to and makes a speech, and she says as she was going to give everyone a book and we'd all got to write a Diary, just about the things we do and thinks, and the best one is going to have a prize. Seems queer like, seeing we does just the same as everybody else; but it's going to be a rare job, for it has all got to be neat and tidy like, and in the sort of English what's in books—teacher says what we talks down here isn't English at all. Then up we all goes and gets the books, and I did feel real mad 'cause my hair wasn't exactly tidy; but that was all the Terror's fault for having hid the comb in the bottom of the coal-box, and as we had 'arf a hundred dumped right in on top of it, it's bound to be a week 'fore we sees that comb again.

Just afore the lady went away she turns round to teacher and says something 'bout the classes helping up the masses. We couldn't hear very well, and couldn't rightly understand; of course, we was the classes sitting there, but we couldn't make out what the masses was till Peter thought of the babies. He says as there are masses of them, and being small like they naturally do sit down in the gutter and on the kerb; but we were sorry when Peter thought of that, for it must mean us having to carry them about more than ever. We told Edie, and she says it means raising up their minds. Anyway this won't make yer arms ache so, and Edie knows all about that sort of thing, 'cause she

goes to Mission whenever she has a bit of new on she wants to show. So we have been trying it on all day, but being missionaries to babies is very discouraging work.

Peter says my Diary won't never get the prize, 'cause I've begun all wrong, and proper books always start with saying who you are; perhaps it will count now.

Dad is Father, and his name is Mr. Hitchin. He used to make bicycles, but something went wrong through no fault of his, and now he's always out of work and we are always getting poorer. Then there's Mum—she's Mrs. Hitchin, and she makes trousers with a machine all day. When I was telling her about the beautiful lady, my Mother said she didn't believe she knew as how a pair of trousers was made; but I can't believe a great lady like her don't know a little thing like that, even though her 'usband has got regular work, so she don't have to make 'em.

Peter is the eldest; when he leaves school he's going to be a errand-boy, but he says it must be at a place that gives him a uniform cap, you feels worth so much more in uniform; besides, all the old ladies chooses you out to ask the way, so you can get extry pennies like that. Then comes the Terror. His real name is Chrysostom, after the church; but that is a name nobody can't ever say (though when Dad is real mad with him he do call him Chrysanthemum), but it's generally Chris for short, or the Terror. He's not exactly wicked, and, of course, he's straight, like we all are; but he's always a-doing of somethink. Then there is Wilyum the Kid, and that's all, except I'd forgotten to say I'm Polly, and by rights I ought to come next to Peter.

Father being out of work, we all got our dinner up at the school, and nobody didn't talk about nothink except the Diaries, only Peter and me, and we had a tremendous secret which was really going to happen that afternoon. There is a big furniture shop at the corner of High Street, and there's a very polite gentleman outside all day saying nice things, and he prints up nice things on all the furniture, too. Now we keep getting poorer, furniture is a thing we haven't got, so we always goes and looks in this shop. There was a lovely 'orse'air sofy with a card pinned on the back: 'Don't hesitate, come right in and ask questions; we like it,' and then a very big 9d. and a very small per week, so small we never thought nothing about it. We used to go and look at the sofy every day for fear it should go, 'cause we meant to give it to Mum for a Xmas present. We had been

saving up for weeks and weeks, and yesterday we got the last $\frac{1}{2}d.$, so off we goes with the $9d.$ tied up safe in the tail of Peter's shirt.

The sofy was looking more beautiful than ever, and the polite gentleman was saying the same things he always does; but he took no notice of us, 'cause he never reckoned we could be going to buy the sofy. At last we goes in, and Peter starts asking questions, and then I began, when—I can't tell you just exactly *what* happened, only it wasn't arf a lie about the gentleman liking it, and he quite left off being polite.

We had left the Terror outside to mind the Kid, and when he heard the gentleman swearing he dumped Wilyum down into a big arm-chair and started turning wheels in the gutter; he said after it was jest to show he weren't afraid. When I found the Kid, he was sitting very comfortable in the chair sucking a big card what said, 'Why wait, when it's so simple; 1s. down and a happy home'; but we know now what a lie that is, and it seemed as though the Kid did too by the way he'd messed it up.

When we got home we was feeling just miserable, and our $9d.$ was only making a bump for Peter to sit on. We soon saw that poor Mum was put about over something, too; and she said there being no work she had been obliged to put her wedding-ring in. Of course, some folks do it reg'lar, but my Mother had always stuck out, and now she wasn't arf crying; besides it had all gone in the rent, so there wasn't scarcely any tea after all. Me and Peter both had the same idea quite sudden like, and we sneaked out and fairly raced off to old Mr. James. He makes wedding-rings on purpose for all the ladies to wear whilst theirs are in. He makes them out of French pennies, and the copper shines up something lovely, every bit as bright as gold, only inside you can see all the pattern. He was rarely surprised to see us, but when we got out the $4d.$ he chose a shiney beauty, and you should just have seen my Mother's face when we came back and put it on—she thought it was the beautifulest present she'd ever had; but she doesn't know as we have got $5d.$ left for another Xmas present.

That's about all that happened that day, and I reckon that the folks as keep Diaries must be them that don't do nothing, for one day has taken me a terrible time; but then we're always busy down here. I wish I'd done it better, 'cause of the prize. We keeps talking about what we'll buy, though Mum says it's counting un'atched chickens. Anyhow, it's very near as good

to keep thinking what we'll do; and we've made up our minds there are two people as shan't get so much as a shine of it—one is the rude gentleman that calls for the rent, and the other is the rude gentleman with the 'orse'air sofy.

II.

THIS is the Diary of Peter Hitchin, which is me. . . .

When I had got as far as this I'd had enough of Diaries, so I swopped my pencil to the Terror for a bit of white chalk, and the Terror's gone and used it to help stop up a drain, so I can't get it back. My Dad says as there is nothing a boy can't make a better show of mischief with than a bit of chalk, and I reckon he wouldn't be disappointed if he saw the number of places I drewed on with that bit. It don't seem exactly fair though that my sister Polly should be trying for the prize at school and not me, so now I've took her bit of pencil, and I reckon if I writes a Diary it ought to get the prize, seeing the exciting things that are always a-happening to me.

Chapter I.—I means to begin like a proper book and tell you all about us. I lives in No. 44, along with Polly and my brother Chris, him as we calls the Terror, and Wilyum the Kid. If you want to find our house it's a bit difficult 'cause the number has dropped off the door, but you'll know it by a notice printed up, 'Early Calling done here.' That was all through the Terror, and just the sort of thing he does. He was playing at drums with the Kid's head and the window-pane, and the window broke, and everythink was smothered in blood before you could say knife. It happened on a Friday, so of course there was no money in the house; but Mother borrowed a 6d. and fairly raced the Kid off to the doctor. He's a real gentleman he is, wears a top hat and all, and you just rings the bell and pays the 6d. and there's nothing he won't do for you. The poor Kid went on bleeding somethink crule, and my Mother said the doctor fairly whipped in the stitches, and then he puts on a bandage; but he didn't know Wilyum if he thought there was any sort of a bandage he couldn't wriggle out of. The scar what's left was one of the best and the most interesting in the street till Sally Johnson got hers. She was swinging on a rope tied between the gate-posts, and the rope broke, and, my word, she nearly cut her

head off on the kerb, she did; but she got a lot more sweets for letting us have looks under the bandage than we ever got for Wilyum.

Writing Diaries seems a much harder job than I ever thought; you keeps writing about things you don't want to, and what I was meaning to tell you all the time was about our house. The hole the Kid's head made was rarely draughty, so I thought of printing the notice up about Early Calling; it keeps the wind out beautiful, and doesn't look 'arf bad, 'cause everybody in our street says things in their window, though it is mostly about mangling, or barrows for hire, or doorstep cleaning. Dad does the calling; it's a very easy job when once you have done the getting of yourself out of bed, for you only just taps on the window with a long stick till the gentleman gets up and swears at you, and then you know it's all right.

I suppose there are folks as don't mind when it's a wet day Saturday, but then it don't mean them being hungry. It makes a deal of difference to us and Mr. Smith; he sells vegetables in the High Street, and we works in with him on a Saturday. It ain't a bit of good trying to sell no other day, and the way you works it is to borrow 10s. on Thursday, and then you buys the stuff that night. This time of year it's celery, so all Friday they are washing it in the back yard, and if there ain't a back yard they washes it in the street, and it don't make arf a smell and mess. The gentleman has to have his money paid back on Sunday with 1d. extry on every shilling. The week afore last they cleared 15s., but this week there was only 3½d. left after paying back, and as Mr. Smith has nine of his own to keep we didn't get nothing, so a wet Saturday means a lot more than some folks think. It's made us very short this week, so Mother has had to put in any bits of extry clothes we had, and this made the Terror's mistake matter all the more. Me and Albert Smith was going to have a competition who could ride down to East Ham first without paying for it. We hadn't had much luck with 'buses, though if you're nippy and the top of the motor is full, you can ride no end of a way whilst the gentleman is collecting upstairs. The Terror must needs come and try too; but his legs are too short for 'buses, so he wasn't 'arf pleased to see a cart going along with a nice low down rail. He was sitting on it as pleased as Punch, when all of a sudden it went round a corner, and it turned out as it was the watering cart. Poor Chris had to

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be in bed nearly all next day, not having a change; but I won the competition by riding on the back of a funeral; it went a good steady pace, and you felt more settled like than on a 'bus. That's just the sort of thing as always happens to Chris. The other day he must needs go climbing up one of them sand-bins in the road and tumble in head first; it happened to be a small one and nearly empty, so his head got buried right deep down, and he was nearly dead of sand by the time a kind gentleman pulled him out by the legs.

This is the end of Peter's Diary, and he won't write no more, so I will, 'cause the lady took my book. I'm his sister Polly. Poor Peter was a bit put out 'cause he didn't win the prize, and I'm sure he deserved it more'n me, though, as he says, it comes to the same thing so long as it's in the family. I don't know however I came to win it, and you could have knocked me down with a feather when the lady read out my name. She was looking just lovely, and she brought her little girl along with her. I never saw nobody so stiff and straight as she was, and her frock was that short that I reckon her mother has to think about saving the stuff same as mine, for she seemed to have growed out of everything all at once like.

I had to go up and get the prize, and everybody clapped, and I never knew before how terrible bad getting a prize does make you feel; but I did keep hoping that the little girl thought my hair was better crimped than hers.

It was last Wednesday I won the prize, and yesterday the wonderfulest thing of all happened. We was out playing in our street, same as usual; most of the boys was racing on their roller-skates, excepting about a dozen who was playing football with a tin can, and the rest of us was skipping and whipping tops, and then, of course, there was all the kids about, so the street did seem pretty full and busy, when all of a sudden I saw my beautiful lady standing at the corner quite frightened like. She told me she had come all the way 'cause she wanted to see me and the Terror and No. 44. Then she says, 'Polly,' she says, 'are they always as happy as this?' and I says 'Yes, particular on a Saturday'; and she says 'Is there always such a noise?' and I didn't know, because I'd never thought before how everybody was shouting; and then she says, 'I never thought it was at all like this, never,' but whatever did she think it could be like?

The Terror was teaching another boy to turn wheels up against the wall; Chris is the best anywhere about us, and he could turn them a treat time as most boys is only learning. The lady didn't arf laugh at him, specially as he would keep standing on his head; he said afterwards he thought he looked more tidy like that way up, which was silly, seeing that the seat of his trousers was out, and so was the soles of his boots. Then I took my lady home, and she just sat down on our chair and talked as natural like as anythink; my Mother said afterwards as she did think she was a pleasant spoken person, almost like one of your own. It was quite right about the trousers, for she didn't know nothing about making them; she said it had never crossed her mind, but now she should always think of it. Before she went she said—but I forgot that's a secret. Only if Dad do get regular work won't it just make a difference all round.

When we got out an organ was playing and everybody was dancing, and it looked that nice and lively, she says again, 'I never thought it was like this, never.' I asked her whatever they did all the time in the street where she lives, and when she said the children didn't play there, and there weren't no skating, or dancing, or football I thought it must be terrible dull and quiet; there wouldn't be nothing to put into a Diary, leastways nothing what would win a prize like mine. You should have seen how slow my lady walked away, she kept stopping and looking. Peter said he reckoned she was wishing she lived down our way, but my Mother said no, for home was home, and the place you liked to live in wherever it happened to be.

MARJORY HARDCASTLE.

MARLBOROUGH'S MEN.

BY COLONEL HUGH PEARSE, D.S.O.

OLD memoirs and autobiographies are held by many discriminating readers to be the very choicest of literary fare; and they may be compared with old wine, for the reason that if they have good stuff in them their value increases with their age, whereas if they be poor and weak they soon lose all taste and value.

In addition to their age, however, the five soldier-historians of Marlborough's campaigns have one marked and rare characteristic in common, which should specially commend them to attention. They were all men who wrote solely from a love of their subject, with no desire either to make money or to gain preferment by their writings. In an age when hardly an author can be found whose works are not introduced by a dedication couched in terms of servile self-abasement or fulsome flattery, one only of Marlborough's soldier-historians published his book in his own lifetime, and not one in the lifetime of the Duke; nor was one of the five guilty of a dedication of any sort, servile or the reverse. We may then fairly claim for them that a more disinterested set of writers never lived. It is the intention of these pages to give some indication of their further merits.

It can hardly be by an accidental coincidence that four of the five writers belonged to one and the same regiment—that famous body of Irish Protestants which King William III. loved and trusted, and James II. held in equal disfavour. From William the regiment received its name, 'The Royal Regiment of Foot of Ireland' and the motto, 'Virtutis Namurcensis Præmium,' which is still emblazoned on the colours of the Royal Irish Regiment of to-day, to remind it of the valour of its forefathers at the siege of Namur, more than two hundred years ago—a legacy of glory.

The senior in rank of the soldier-historians of the Royal Irish, Brigadier-General Robert Sterne, bore a name famous in English literature, and was in fact a relation of the author of 'Tristram Shandy.' Robert Sterne received his Ensign's commission from Charles II., being appointed in 1678 Ensign in Captain John

St. Leger's independent company, raised for service in Ireland. Six years later St. Leger's company became part of Lord Granard's regiment, which, having survived the religious persecutions of James II. and the economies of a long succession of War Secretaries and Chancellors of the Exchequer, became a permanent part of our regular army, happily, as we have said, surviving to this day.

Sterne, to use his own words,

remained no less than forty years attached to one company without ever being removed from it; having served six crowned heads of England; having made twenty-one campaigns; having been in seven field battles, fifteen sieges, seven grand attacks on counterscarps and breaches, two remarkable retreats, at the passing of four of the enemy's lines, besides several other petty actions; and through God's assistance never had one drop of blood drawn from me in all those actions.

Sterne's diary of his campaigns, which exists only in manuscript, and is terse to a fault, has solid military value; for Sterne not only had vast experience of war, but was a cool observer of men and events. He writes in a restrained style, seldom expressing much enthusiasm, and maintaining an impartiality which distinguishes him from most writers of his day. Sterne's descriptions of ground and of the vicissitudes of battle are particularly clear, and he contrives to give in a very few words a masterly narrative of an involved operation.

Though writing for his own pleasure only, and in order, as it appears, to remind himself of the great events which he had witnessed, Sterne retains a grave deportment which is yet far from dullness. On one occasion only is he jocular, when, in describing the meeting in the battle of Malplaquet between the Royal Irish of Queen Anne's army and the Royal Regiment of Irish Foot in the service of France, he gleefully writes: 'Our Brother Harpers scowered off as fast as their heels could carry them.'

Sterne on this occasion commanded a brigade, and the officer who commanded the Royal Irish at Malplaquet, and served with them nearly as long and as continuously as Sterne himself, was Brigadier-General Richard Kane, a member of a well-known Irish family. Kane, after some previous service in Skeffington's Regiment of Foot, entered the Royal Irish in 1692, and, having been wounded at the siege of Namur, became Sterne's Major in the year of Blenheim.

Kane was considered one of the best soldiers of Marlborough's wars, and in the hands of Sterne and himself the Royal Irish became the model regiment of Marlborough's army, being specially noted for its system of fire discipline, the cause of its easy victory over its 'brother Harpers.'

Kane's 'Campaigns of King William and Queen Anne' is a book often quoted, but seldom seen by the general reader; but although its author rivals Sterne in the spirit and clearness with which he describes the marches, sieges, and battles of the stirring epoch in which he lived, but brief reference will here be made to his writings, for a reason which will presently appear.

Kane's 'Campaigns of King William and Queen Anne' was published in 1745, in consequence of the general attention then drawn to military matters. The good old Brigadier had lain nine years in his grave in Minorca, and, like most of Marlborough's veterans, had already been forgotten by his countrymen. Happily for his fame there appeared, bound up with the narrative of his campaigns, an appendix of a few pages containing his 'new system of Military Discipline for a Battalion on Action.' The work fell into the hands of James Wolfe, then a young officer grievously dissatisfied with the state of inefficiency to which the army had been reduced during a long period of peace. Wolfe was so impressed by the merits of Kane's system that he adopted it as his own, and when, five years later, he obtained the command of the 20th Regiment, it was on Kane's system that Wolfe so skilfully trained the 20th in manœuvre and in musketry that it, in its turn, presently became the model for the whole army, as had the Royal Irish been fifty years before.

Both Sterne and Kane, however, good soldiers and able writers though they were, hardly compare as military historians with their brother officer, Captain Robert Parker, whose 'Memoirs of the most remarkable Military Transactions from the year 1683 to 1718' stand head and shoulders above all other contemporary narratives of Marlborough's wars.

Serving as they did for many years in the same regiment, and on continuous active service, it is not surprising that the narratives of Sterne, Kane, and Parker have many points of resemblance. The three brother officers must, year after year, in their winter quarters at Ghent, have discussed every detail of the past campaign and the probable course of that to come. All must have witnessed the fighting from much the same point of

view, all shared the same labours and hardships, and, as was usual in a regiment of the good old fashion, all held much the same opinions regarding men and events. Yet the writings of each had their peculiar characteristics: Sterne his marked terseness, Kane his descriptive power, and Parker the gift of catching and holding the attention of his reader almost to straining-point. Before illustrating this faculty, a word must be said as to Parker's history.

Robert Parker was born in 1666, the son of a Kilkenny farmer, but apparently of gentle birth, for as a boy he was a playmate of young Lord Ossory, afterwards the unfortunate second Duke of Ormonde. At the age of seventeen Parker enlisted in Captain Frederick Hamilton's independent company, but in 1687, under the orders of King James II., he was discharged from the Army as a Protestant. When William III. was called to the throne, Parker, who was in London watching the course of events, again enlisted under his old captain, who had newly been appointed Major in the Royal Irish Regiment. Parker, though twenty-three years old, was still a private soldier, but determined to rise in his profession. He now began to keep a diary. In the autumn of the same year (1689) Parker was sent with his regiment to Ireland, where he served at the battle of the Boyne, the siege of Limerick, the battle of Aghrim, and saw, in fact, all the severe fighting of the war in Ireland. In 1692 and 1693 he served afloat, his regiment being employed as Marines. We shall see presently what manner of life that was.

A year later the Royal Irish found themselves in Flanders, under the personal command of King William—that heroic but unfortunate commander; and in 1695 Parker highly distinguished himself at the siege of Namur. In the famous assault on the counterscarp before the St. Nicholas gate of that great fortress, Private Parker shared the fate of Captain Shandy, and was severely wounded. He was rewarded by promotion to an ensigncy, and was placed at the head of the eight officers who filled the vacancies left by the assault in the roll of the Royal Irish. We need not follow Parker through his long and honourable career. Suffice it to say that he was again wounded at Menin, and, after long service under Marlborough, was in 1708 appointed drill-instructor to the troops in Ireland, a post which he held for two years, after which he returned to follow the drum in the Low Countries.

There are in Parker's pages innumerable descriptions of the great and trifling episodes which make up the history of wars, and these descriptions, graphic and accurate in the highest degree, have frequently been quoted by historians. Here we will, however, take but one passage which relates to one of Marlborough's smaller and less known achievements—the capture of Bouchain in 1710. We have selected it as a good specimen of Parker's style, and as illustrating the implicit confidence reposed by his army in Marlborough's judgment and skill.

The narrative opens when the allied armies were posted round Bouchain in readiness for the assault. Parker, then Captain of the Grenadier Company of the Royal Irish, thus tells his tale :

Our British Grenadiers were ordered to march up to the top of the hill on the left of their works in order to begin the attack on that side. Here we were posted in a large high-grown field of wheat, about seventy or eighty paces from their works, expecting every moment when the signal should be given to fall on. I must confess I did not like the aspect of the thing. We saw plainly that their entrenchment was a perfect bulwark, strong and lofty, and crowded with men and cannon pointed directly at us : yet they did not fire a shot great or small, reserving all for us on our advancing up to them. We wished much that the Duke might take a nearer look at the thing : and yet we judged that he chose to continue on the other side in order to observe the motions of the enemy on that side while we were attacking them on this.

But while I was musing, the Duke of Marlborough (*ever watchful, ever right*) rode up quite unattended and alone, and posted himself a little on the right of my company of Grenadiers, from whence he had a fair view of the greater part of the enemy's works. It is quite impossible for me to express the joy which the sight of this man gave me at this very critical moment. I was now well satisfied that he would not push the thing unless he saw a strong probability of success ; nor was this my notion alone ; it was the sense of the whole Army, both officer and soldier, British and foreigner ; and indeed we had all the reason in the world for it ; for he never led us on to any one action that we did not succeed in.

One can see Parker and his Grenadiers, looking straight to their front, but watching Marlborough out of the corners of their eyes, ready to dash forward in implicit confidence at his order, and confident, too, that the order would never be wrongly given ; for they were the survivors of Blenheim, of Ramillies, of Oudenarde, of the great slaughter at Malplaquet ; and had led the assaults at Lille and Tournay ;—they had watched Marlborough in a hundred emergencies, and had never once found him betrayed into rash or ill-considered action. So on this occasion, which evidently made a great impression on the Royal Irish writers, for they all described the incident, Marlborough presently countermanded the attack, which had appeared so unpromising

to their experienced observation, and the fate of Bouchain was otherwise decided.

Great as Marlborough was in action, he was equally great in the management of his army, and equally loved and venerated by the men over whom he kept so firm a hand. Parker draws a moving picture of the grief of the army when they lost their great leader who had so freely hazarded their lives in ten years of war and had sprinkled the Low Countries with British graves. 'Here,' he writes, 'they often lamented the loss of the *old Corporal*, which was a favourite name they had given the Duke of Marlborough.' In this simple phrase we have a real picture, drawn from within, of Marlborough as his soldiers saw him; and how much more true than the monstrous image of treachery, avarice, and selfishness imagined by better-known historical writers!

Turning from the soldier-historians of commissioned rank, we must now glance at the work of humbler scribes, the bearers of the halbert or firelock, beginning, as is proper, with the Sergeant and concluding with the 'Centinel,' or private soldier, as we should now style him.

The Sergeant was one John Millner, apparently (for he says little about himself) the orderly-room clerk of the Royal Irish Regiment. Millner is a most painstaking chronicler, and his book, whose title-page is too long to be quoted in full, is by no means without value. Millner's ambition was, not to offer his opinion on matters which he modestly considered too high for him, but to record facts which might in time serve more skilled writers. He therefore with great industry kept his

Compendious JOURNAL of all the MARCHES, famous BATTLES, SIEGES, and other most noteworthy heroical and ever memorable ACTIONS of the triumphant Armies of the ever-glorious CONFEDERATE HIGH ALLIES in their late and victorious WAR against the powerful ARMIES of proud and lofty FRANCE . . . digested into twelve Campaigns, begun A.D. 1701 and ended in 1712. All but the first and last, the Grand Confederate Armies were under the conduct and command of our Honourable and much Honour worthy, ever-renowned, graceful, and excellent war-like HERO—John, Duke of Marlborough.

Sergeant Millner may have been rather too fond of capital letters, even for the taste of his day, but his choice of words was by no means bad, as bears witness the above description of Marlborough, in which, be sure, the epithets were most carefully picked. There was no doubt in Millner's mind, any more than

in the minds of Sterne, Kane, and Parker, that Marlborough was not only honourable by royal favour, but honour-worthy in character, while the adjective 'graceful' is an unexpected echo of the well-known encomium of Lord Chesterfield.

As for Millner's 'Compendious Journal,' the author, as we have said, confines himself as a rule to a narration of facts, and sets himself to the task of preparing materials for more competent historians to work upon. To this end he records every march performed by Marlborough's British contingent in his ten campaigns, noting the hour at which the army *decamped* and *encamped*, and the length of each march. Millner summarises every campaign, stating the number of marching days and the total distance covered, and preparing careful statements of the casualties sustained in all the more important battles and sieges. His book is, in fact, a valuable storehouse of facts and statistics.

On great occasions only does Millner launch into description, and then acquits himself by no means badly. Here, for instance, is his account of the first meeting between Marlborough and Prince Eugene during the famous march to the Danube that resulted in the battle of Blenheim :

May 29th, 1704.—The Duke with our Horse removed from Great Gartach to Mondelsheim; where the next day Prince Eugene of Savoy met and dined with the Duke, where they spent the remainder of that day in weighty conferences, with mutual esteem for each other; who were equal in fame, courage, and conduct in military exploits; prudence, counsel, dexterity, and address in management of affairs; politeness, temper, and affability in conversation; the two greatest men of the age, with great friendship and confidence in each other.

Simple words, but they will convey their meaning, and reveal to us in a flash the boundless trust and admiration with which the army of Queen Anne regarded Marlborough.

Honest Millner, whose book was published in 1793, eleven years after the Duke's death, finished it in winter quarters at Ghent in 1713. He had found the writing of it no easy task, yet did not regret his labour.

Thus and here (he writes) I have brought my general Journal of the late war to a conclusion. The collecting and compiling thereof together took me a great deal of time, and cost me a great deal of trouble, in labour, pains, and expence both day and night, before fully compleated and brought to an end.

He ends with a good phrase :

Note that I have computed the beginning, ending, and length of each campaign of the said war, number of days and leagues marched by our Corps,

with the Grand Army and apart, from the time of our train of Artillery's marching out of Winter Quarters to the time of its return thither again, *It being the Metropolitan Ensign of an Army in Time of War.*

Sergeant Millner having thus finished his book with an epigram of some merit, and with a sigh of relief which can almost be heard through the ages, we turn to the last, the lowest in rank, and the most eccentric in style of our soldier-authors.

John Marshall Deane, of the First Guards, was not, perhaps, the only private soldier who kept a diary of his war experiences in the year 1708, but no similar record has been preserved. Deane himself, presumably, fell in action in the next campaign, or died, it may be, of small-pox, the bane of armies at that period; for his diary ends abruptly with the return of the Guards to winter quarters after Oudenarde, and so cuts short our brief glimpse of a private soldier's experiences and opinions. By some good fortune Deane's diary was returned to England, and there came to the notice of no less a person than Horace Walpole, who added it to his heterogeneous library. On the dispersal of the treasures of Strawberry Hill, Deane's diary was purchased by a gentleman of his name, and was by him privately printed.

Deane, we find, arrived in Holland in January 1708, and early in the month of March an alarm reached army headquarters that a French invasion of England was imminent. Ten battalions of infantry, including the First Guards, were hurriedly embarked on Admiral Byng's fleet, to serve as Marines, and remained at sea for about five weeks, when, all danger being at an end, they were again landed at Ostend. Even to-day the soldier at sea lies on no bed of roses, but two hundred years ago the order to embark for service afloat was, with but too much reason, regarded as a death-warrant. Deane tells the tale of his experiences in graphic style:

While we lay on board (he writes) we had continual Distruction in ye foretop; ye Pox above board; ye Pleague between Decks; hell in ye fore-castle, and ye Devil att ye Helm: so that you may easely judge what course we steered; and amongst al other Pleagues one of ye greatest was, which way to confound our Allowance, which was so sparingly distributed amongst us that ye Purser was daily blest with ye Souldiers' Prayers, being grown as fatt as whipping Post: that indeed according to ye old saying: Sharp ye word and sharp ye Deed: and so sharp weather that for one while I shall care for any more voyages to ye Northward.

Thus having weathered ye Main Point and safely arrived at our desired Haven, we bid adiew to ye wooden world, being translated from Purgatory to Parredise, and from pinch-gutt to whole Allowance, began to look like ourselves in our old station, when takeing a glass or two of brandy caused us to

forgett y^e old grievance, though it was if rightly understood a fateague for y^e Devill.

John Deane's only battle was Oudenarde, of which he gives a spirited account, using a notable phrase in regard to his brethren in the ranks. After describing how the 'Enemy's Household and Gen des Armes on y^e left were handsomely smashed by our Troops, the Prince of Nassau leading our infantry on, battalion by battalion,' he adds, 'The same zeal appeared in all y^e Generalls executing of their duty that honour engaged them toe; and all y^e Officers and Souldiers without any manner of distinction, *as became brave Gentlemen*'—an expression which comes well from the mouth of this self-respecting soldier.

Deane's one campaign was an eventful one. Beginning, as we have seen, with his 'fateague for y^e Devill' at sea, and going on with the battle of Oudenarde, it concluded with the siege of Lille. This last was no light enterprise, and success did not come quickly enough to please the arm-chair strategians of Queen Anne's day, or 'y^e coffee-house warriors,' as John Deane styles them. The soldier, curiously enough, is seldom pleased by home-made criticism, and Deane was no exception to the rule. His remarks are much to the point:

The seige of Leile (he writes in his quaint spelling) is thought to goe on slowly; and our success so likewise, haveing received great loss of men, not onely by our manfull attempts, but by their roguish mines. But it cannot be expected by any man of reason that a place of such vast bigness and strength can be so soon taken; but by those over their glasses of wine or strong beer, having their heads full of foolish notions, thinking themselves a second St. Mickell, and wiser than y^e best of Generalls or y^e mightiest of Potents on Earth. . . . For we must consider although we have wise and prudent Generalls about this vast undertakeing that with God's assistance doe use the utmost of their skill to put a period to y^e same, with a tender regard to y^e preservation of y^e Army; yett on y^e other side there is Marshall Buffleuers and others who are alike polletick, who use y^e utmost of their endeavor to prevent y^e same, and what breaches we make on y^e outside they repair on y^e inside. Therefore for such Coffee-house Warriors that think a souldier earns not his pay, I doe hartely wish they were to take y^e place of many a brave Officer and Souldier that hath been and may be lost upon this occasion.

Expressing an equally hearty agreement with good John Deane's sentiments, we regretfully refrain from further quotations from his too brief pages, and bid him and his companions-in-arms farewell.

THE ELECTION COUNT.

POLLING-DAY was wet and depressing to the last degree : wet and doubly depressing as hour after hour weighted my sense that we were steadily losing ground. In the shop-parlour, which served us for Liberal Committee-room, some one had blocked up half the small window with a poster. It exhibited to the street the picture of an old couple, Darby and Joan, seated beside their cottage-porch, embowered in roses and basking (thanks to Old Age Pensions) in the golden rays of a setting sun. It was a pleasing composition, even when studied in reverse as a transparency; but it darkened the parlour. In this atmosphere of 'inspissated gloom' our two volunteer clerks worked with set faces at the register, ruling out the voters—red pencil for Liberals, blue for Unionists, black for Doubtfuls—as messengers ran in with the returns. On the whole these returns were satisfactory. In our own small polling-district we felt reasonably sure of getting our 'reliables' (abominable word) to the poll in strength. But ours is no very populous one, and lies at the extreme west of the constituency; from the other end came disquieting rumours, some even talking of a 'land-slide.'

'Hullo!' says one of the clerks, looking out over the Darby and Joan poster. 'There goes Polly W—— up the hill with a bouquet.'

'That's for the Women's Committee to present to Lady Caroline.' (Lady Caroline is the wife of our opponents' candidate, the Admiral.) 'They're due here soon after midday.'

Our candidate has already come and gone—quite early in the morning, in a pitiless shower of rain. Few were aware of his visit, of which he had sent us no warning; and of these but a handful left their breakfasts to cheer him.

It is suggested that my presence at the polling-station will put a little heart into the faithful band gathered there and talking with their enemies in the gate. I doubt it; but, at any rate, I can make sure that our fellows yield the Admiral and Lady Caroline a polite reception. I go, therefore. This makes the fourth time I have climbed the hill to-day.

If the Committee-room was depressing, the streets are dis-

heartening. Our opponents have all the motors, with at least one carriage-and-pair, and a general air of insolent prosperity. Motors do not seem to mind the rain. They rush by at a speed which dissembles the poverty of their harvest; and as they pass they scatter mud over me. A solitary one-horse vehicle crawls up the hill with our colours (blue and gold) pendant about it and dripping like Ophelia's muddy weeds. It contains three voters, and one of them sings out to me, 'ARE we down-hearted?' To which the other two, snatching off their hats and waving them till each sheds a spray—a *moulinet*—of raindrops, respond vociferously 'NO-O!'

At the summit, in the road outside the Council School-house, which serves for polling-booth, the foe has it all his own way. The red-white-and-blue is everywhere, the causeway populous with ladies, and in the midst of the throng a pretty child ready with the bouquet. The rain has ceased for a while, and the scene moves to a stir of pleasurable excitement. I pass cheerfully through it and am booed as I pass. I enter the school-gates, cross the quag of a playground, and exchange a word or two with the tally-keepers by the door—two of each party, polite as seconds in a duel—who, albeit the sky has been brightening for some minutes, still huddle like disconsolate poultry,

Counting the frequent drip from reeded eaves.

I stroll back to the roadway, and am booed again. . . . It is excellent discipline to be booed and to keep an indifferent face. Only, when the booers are friends and neighbours to whom you have always wished well, a mean thought will arise now and again—just a thought of which you are instantly ashamed—'So-and-so, over there, with cheek distended and face inflamed against me—might he not remember that, only six weeks ago—' 'What?' Never mind what. It's baser, perhaps, in me to remember it than in him to forget. . . .

The 'gentry' in the roadway are slightly puzzled, as I dally and talk with one and another quite as if nothing is happening to make us less friends to-day than we were yesterday and shall be to-morrow or the day after: puzzled and slightly constrained. . . . This is fun: for not only do I mean it and like nine-tenths of them, but I have them at a beautifully polite disadvantage, since they cannot well order me off a public roadway. This is also battle; and my spirits rise.

A damsel of the party—she is a 'good sort,' and we were friends long before she put up her hair and lengthened the skirts in which she used to go bird's-nesting—tells me that she is a Suffragette and only joins in this demonstration on the other side because our party will not give women the vote.

'We are beating you to-day,' she assures me.

'Well,' say I, 'one can't win always. At the worst, then, we shall have you on our side next time.'

She pauses to consider this, and a distant rolling cheer down the road announces that the Admiral and his Lady are coming. . . . They arrive and alight from the motor. The child steps forward with the bouquet. . . . It is all quite pretty, though Lady Caroline's thanks and the Admiral's short speech are alike inaudible amid the cheering. At the conclusion the Admiral catches sight of me, and we lift our hats. He (excellent fellow) would like to introduce me . . . and so Lady Caroline and I converse for a few seconds, and I wish her every joy in life, saving the one on which her heart is, for the moment, set.

A gleam of sunshine—the first and last for the day—spreads a dazzle down the wet road as they climb into the car and are driven off. Certainly they are having all the luck. . . . I turn amid the cheering, and walk back to the Committee-room. On the way I grow conscious that my feet are keeping time to an idiotic air which has been haunting me since I rose and dressed. In my bath I started humming it: I am whistling it dumbly now. Confound the thing! It is the *Funeral March of a Marionette*!

So the day drags on: and at its close we have polled all but three of our men. As the church clock strikes seven, we in the Committee-room look at one another and draw a long breath. 'Now all is done that men can do'—and a swift checking of the red and blue lines on the register assures us that, even if we allow a wide margin for human perfidy, the fight has not been lost in this corner of the division. The workers come clustering in, and find room to range themselves around, in the parlour's tiny ambit. Their oilskins and macintoshes shine wet in the lamp-light as I speak the few words of thanks that are expected (as, indeed, they have been earned), . . . and so home, as Pepys says, and to dinner; still with that infernal *Funeral March* dogging my feet.

Thank Heaven, in the act of changing my garments I put

it all aside. The tune is lost, the depression lifts, all care drops from me. How good it is to sit at home and to dine!—for I am hungry as a hunter. And again after dinner I sit and smoke in a deep peace. . . . Cynthia is eager to hear of the day's doings, and I describe them disconnectedly, laughing now and again over their oddities. She harks back to speculating on the issue. . . . The issue? Mercury has carried it aloft and laid it on the knees of the gods. It rests somewhere on Olympus, a thousand miles away. In this mood I go to bed, and drop asleep as soon as my head touches the pillow, and sleep without a dream, while abroad the ballot-boxes are being driven through the night, all converging upon Lescarrow, central market-town of our division. Maybe the *Funeral March of a Marionette* has passed out from me and jig-jigs somewhere along those miry roads, under the stars, to the trot of a horse.

All this happened yesterday. To-morrow (says the song) is another day. It is also a very different one. I awake to sunshine and the chatter of a starling, and for the moment to a blithe sense of liberty. Some weight has been rolled away: at length I am free for an after-breakfast chat with the gardener and a morning devoted to my own quiet business:

Libertas, quae sera tamen respexit inertem—
Respexit tamen et longo post tempore venit.

But as consciousness widens there grows a small cloud of foreboding. . . . Yes, now I remember. The Polling is over, but there is yet the Count. The Count begins at ten o'clock in the Municipal Council-chamber at Lescarrow; and I must catch an early train to attend it, having received a paper appointing me to watch on behalf of our candidate, and having taken oath to observe certain secrecies (none of which, by the way, this paper of mine is going to violate) . . . I arise, protesting against fate. Why did I ever permit myself to be entrapped into politics?

O limed soul that struggling to be free
Art more engaged!

In the intervals of dressing I pause and contemplate, through an open window, the harbour spread at my feet; riant wavelets twinkling and darkening when the faint breeze runs counter with the tide; white gulls flashing, sliding in delicate curves against the blue; vessels and fishing-boats swinging gently to

their moorings. The Election—all of it that truly matters—is over, I beg to state. The fight is dead and done with. What sensible man should be hurried from such amenities to fret a day upon what is already settled beyond revoke? I seem to hear the voices of our two candidates fading away into the blue distance, contending as they fade. Their altercations tinkle on the ear like thin echoes from a gramophone. Return, O Muse, and bring me back the authentic rivals, Thyrsis and Corydon!

Despite these pauses, I catch the early train. Our branch railway follows the right bank of an estuary as fair as you will find in England, its embankment running a very few feet above high-water mark; nor can I ever decide whether the estuary be lovelier when beneath the sunset and between overhanging woodlands it is brimmed with

Such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam;

or when, as now, across the drained flats morning sparkles on the breasts of gulls, divers, curlews, congregated in hundreds, and here and there a heron flaps his wing upon a lilac shadow or stands planted, and fishes, master of his channel. Solitary bird! be it mine henceforth to watch, with you, my true, if narrow, channel, and leave these others to chatter about the flats, the shallows!

I change trains at the junction, and on the platform run against Squire —. We are bound on the same errand; he to watch the count for the Admiral. He is a Whig of the old breed—one of those lost to us in '85; an English gentleman of the best sort; giving, year in and year out, an unpaid devotion to the business of his county. I hope and believe that he likes me a little: if only it be half my liking for him, it is much more than a little. We exchange salutations; but some ladies are with him, travelling up to hear the poll declared. They all wear the red-white-and-blue. So I get the smoking-compartment to myself, and he travels next-door, where I hope they allow him his cigar. They seem very confident. . . . If they only knew how faintly, at this moment, I desire their discomfiture!

I hate to hear the Duchy miscalled 'the Riviera of England.' It has a climate of its own, and yesterday the out-voters had a taste of it, which I hope they enjoyed. But certainly our winter gives us some exquisite days: and this is one. The railway

still follows up the vale of my best-beloved river; but climbs now, and is carried high on the hillside—on viaducts sometimes, across giddy depths where the lateral coombes descend. Below us the woods lift their tree-tops, and far below runs the river and glances up through their delicate winter trceries:

O ancient streams, O far descended woods!

Was ever a day 'so cool, so calm, so bright,' so lustrally pure? Last night my indifference came of sheer physical weariness: now I let drop the window-sash and bathe me, body and spirit, in the rush of air. . . .

The train comes to a stop in Lescarrow station, and with a jerk. A small crowd pours out, and a jolly farmer, as I open the door of my compartment, rushes up to me.

'Well? is Troy all right? *We* did splendidly—splendidly! . . . Gloomy tales, though, about t'other side of the division. Hope it's all right. What's your candid opinion now?'

It begins to occur to me that I am interested in the question. I begin some banal answer, when he interrupts, 'Why, you're not wearin' the colours!'

I search my pockets, and discover an old rosette, crumpled with service in three campaigns. He watches whilst I pin it on my coat-lappet. 'That's better. Must show one's colours!' His own breast is largely occupied by a blue-and-gold rosette at least five inches in diameter. I answer that it is not customary for those attending the Count to show any party-colours; but that, to please him, I will wear mine along the street. So we leave the station together, and walk up to the Town. . . . Eh, what is this? I have not taken a dozen steps before the *Funeral March of a Marionette* is back, out of nowhere, jiggling at my heels—*túm-ti-tiddety, túm-ti-túm*, etc.

I look in at our Central Committee-room, the Temperance Hall. 'A paper-man in a cyclone,' runs a nautical simile. The aspect of the Temperance Hall suggests that a hundred bacchanals have been dancing there in as many cyclones of waste-paper. On my word, I never saw such a litter. It rises to my ankles. In the midst of it stand three pale red-eyed men, 'clearing-up,' as they profess. They show me calculations, over which I run a wary, experienced eye. They say that the Chief Agent has figures I may depend on, and has left word that he wishes to see me. He is at this moment breakfasting at the hotel.

To the hotel (there is but one) I go, and find the Chief Agent seated at breakfast before an unappetising dish of eggs-and-bacon. There is something Napoleonic about the Chief Agent—a hard, practical man with a face scarred as if by actual battle. He shows me his paper of figures, and rapidly explains to me (but I know it already) his method, with the percentage he knocks off the canvassers' and local committees' too sanguine calculations. It is a very large percentage, yet the figures stand the test surprisingly well. The Chief Agent, though, is no fool. He admits that there has been a slump during the last three days, chiefly among the dockyardsmen and the lower decks of the Fleet: if the slump became a 'slide' yesterday it may have upset all these figures. . . . At this point Our Man's valet appears. His master has just finished dressing, and would like a chat with me while he breakfasts. My watch tells me that I have still twenty minutes to spare. So up I go, and on the stairs the valet (who believes with me that Our Man has all along been over-confident) turns and confides that 'He's in capital fettle this morning, sir; but the night before last I never saw him so down.'

I find the room dressed with childish devices in blue-and-gold, and Our Man's two little daughters still busy with decorations. They have even fixed up a large placard of cardboard with 'Vote for Daddy' in blue and yellow letters. Their mother, Lady Mabel, moves about helping one or the other. She is not a politician, like Lady Caroline; but she is an admirable wife and mother, and I feel something in my throat as she turns and laughs and I note her brave smile. As for Our Man, he has ridden in the Grand National before now, and can face music. He greets me cheerfully, and chats as he makes an excellent breakfast. Only an unnatural brightness in the white of the eyes and now and again a tired droop of the lids, tell of these three weeks and their strain. There is no hurry for him to attend the Count, which begins with a tedious checking of the ballot-boxes. He will run down by-and-by and see how we are getting on. So I leave him and walk down to the Municipal Buildings.

In the Council-chamber, to which a policeman admits me after scanning my paper, I find most of the company gathered and the Under-Sheriff already getting to work. The ballot-

boxes—each with the name of its polling-station lettered in white upon its black-japan varnish, each strapped with red-tape and sealed—stand in a row along one side of the room, with two constables in charge. The counting and checking clerks have pulled in their chairs around the long baize-covered table. Aloft, on a balustraded platform, in the mayoralty throne, with a desk before him, the High-Sheriff is taking his seat. He is frock-coated, portly, not to say massive. He has a double chin, and one of those large aristocratic faces which combine fleshiness with distinction; from start to finish it keeps an impenetrable impassivity and reminds me of a vast boiled ham. He wears lemon-coloured kid-gloves. He takes off his beautiful silk hat and looks about for a place to deposit it. Finding none, he dons it again, draws off his gloves, again removes his hat, bestows the gloves in it, and has another look about him. (All council-chambers known to me are dusty and ill-kept.) My attention at this point is distracted, and to the last I have no notion what the High-Sheriff has done with his hat.

We invigilators meanwhile are strolling about, chatting in small groups. We number twenty-six—a baker's dozen for either candidate—and I remark that my fellow-Liberals have a shocking taste in ties. We have pocketed our party-colours, and the two sides treat one another with careful politeness. The most of us gravitate around a sullen stove; for this waiting does not make for warmth, and, though the sunshine outside may flatter, the Council-chamber is chilly. A few gather towards the table, as at length the Under-Sheriff calls for silence, and a constable fetches up the first ballot-box; but this brings a warning that until all the ballot-boxes have been opened and the number of papers in each checked separately by the returning-officer's figures, we are not to approach—a precaution against our learning how the poll has run in separate districts—and a futile one, since the counting-clerks are men of like political passions with ourselves, and secrets always leak out. As it is, I regret to observe that two or three of us from time to time wander absent-mindedly within the forbidden zone and cast long glances at the table. . . . For my part I stick close to the stove, with my back to it, and watch the idle ceremonial from afar; passing, as it drags its slow length, through chilliness to a sort of numb misery. My next-hand neighbour mutters complaint of the draught, while all the while perspiring, frothing like a colt. . . . I observe

cynically with what ease a man might spirit away one of these ballot-boxes we are treating with such absurd solemnity. Half-a-dozen of us at least—the High-Sheriff, the Under-Sheriff, the Chief-Constable (who has sauntered in), the two Agents, two or three of the clerks—have brought great-coats and hand-bags and set them down carelessly. One bag lies on top of a ballot-box midway down the line. I might, strolling about with the more restless invigilators, cast my burberry across one, known to me to be adverse, which stands pretty near the door; then presently, when the constables are carrying up another box, and (as I observe) every eye in the room is glued upon the Under-Sheriff while he breaks the seals and empties the contents, I might catch up the box under the burberry and briskly step out of the door, saluting as I go the Admiral, who is at this moment entering and demanding in his breezy way to know how we are getting on. With a bold front the chances against escape might be reduced to short odds.

I amuse myself with the fancy that maybe the High-Sheriff has smuggled one of the boxes away under his enormous hat. Such a trick would exactly accord with his face—in a story by Dumas *Père*.

'Four-six-seven!' snaps out the Under-Sheriff, announcing the numbers of the last box.

The High-Sheriff consults his list of returns. 'Polling station, Gantick. Four-six-seven. Right.'

The papers are swept back into the box. Now the real business is about to begin, and we are marshalled up for it—two invigilators to stand behind each counting-clerk and watch that he does his work correctly, letting no spoilt or doubtful paper pass. At first I range myself alongside an opponent who has been politely discussing with me for ten minutes (now I come to remember it) a small antiquarian matter in which we are both interested. But it seems that we are too many on this side of the table, and I walk around to find myself posted shoulder to shoulder with Squire —, who accepts me with a friendly nod. I glance across the table and encounter the eyes of a counting-clerk opposite. I know him, but am unaware of his politics. He is, of course, aware of mine, and I seem to detect a faint shake of the head and lift of the eyelid, which together hint that I may prepare myself for the worst. So I clutch at stoicism and prepare myself; but until this moment I had not known how strong my hopes really were.

The contents of the boxes are now shot out upon the table in one great heap, and while the constables do this the counting-clerks reach forward with both hands and mix the papers in one huge mad salad. This mixing lasts for a couple of minutes, maybe. Then the count begins in earnest. We have wasted an hour and a-half, and already the crowd in the street grows impatient. We can hear them hurling challenges, starting party war-songs, hooting each other down.

My counting-clerk scoops a pile of papers in front of him and begins to sort rapidly. On each paper are two names with a pencilled cross against one, and he sorts them to right and left—Our Man to the left, the Admiral to the right. Blank, Dash—Blank—Dash, Dash, Dash. (Blank stand for Our Man, who heads each paper by alphabetical precedence; Dash for the Admiral.) The Admiral is running three for Our Man's one. . . . This is going to be Waterloo! After ten minutes of it I abandon hope and fall to composing the telegram I shall send home.

I glance down the table. The faces of my fellow-Liberals are grave, yet somehow they give me a ray of hope that we at our corner, in spite of the mixing, have struck a peculiarly unfavourable sample of the total pile, and that (to change metaphors) the tide will turn for us presently. But my eyes ought not to be wandering. I am warned of this by a gentle 'Excuse me' from Squire — at my side. He touches the clerk on the shoulder and with a finger indicates that he has laid one of our votes on the Admiral's heap. It was my business to discover the mistake, but (as I have said) Squire — is an English gentleman. Hereafter for ten minutes I keep my eyes glued upon the papers flitting under the clerk's hand, until the quick succession of crosses lulls me to a kind of stupor. The tide is turning, but very slowly. . . . When the clerk thinks he has papers enough on one or another of the heaps he counts back one hundred of them, pats the hundred into a neat packet, and passes it up to one of the four 'checking-clerks,' who count it over again, verify it, and pass it to the Under-Sheriff, who in turn passes it up to the High-Sheriff, who, after a glance through his glasses, lays it to left or right of his desk according as it belongs to Our Man or to the Admiral. . . . My rising hopes are dashed as I perceive that the Admiral already leads by six of these 'centuries' (as I will call them). He (good fellow) stands a pace or two behind me, watching the business. His Agent steps back to him, and I catch the words, 'Very well

indeed, so far.' I wonder that his tone is not more confident . . . when, again glancing along the table, I perceive that six 'centuries' are lying there ready for the checking-clerks; and on three of them I can see that cross is for Our Man. He, by the way, has turned up, and is warming his back at the stove. He passed behind me a minute ago and clapped a hand on my shoulder; and I turned and gave him as steady a smile as I could.

Sure enough, four out of the next five 'centuries' go to his pile: three now in arrear. Then another comes up for the Admiral: four. But the votes beneath my eye are running almost dead level now, with a slight—the slightest possible—advantage for Our Man. Three 'centuries' go up for Blank, one for Dash, another for Dash, two for Blank . . . the great pile at length diminishes perceptibly. . . . So, as a child, have I watched the reaping-machine make narrower circles in a harvest-field, rounding up the rabbits in the central patch of standing wheat. . . . The two are running almost neck and neck. I see, or seem to see, that every one's face is white. The clerks work in a dead silence. . . . Of a sudden, Squire — at my elbow, says quietly,

'Your Man is going to do it.'

I command my voice to answer, as quietly, that I doubt it. . . . Two 'centuries' go up for the Admiral, one for Our Man; but under our eyes another has just been told for him. The clerks, who have counted all the papers they can reach, and are left with remnants of 'centuries,' pass these remnants across to be added to other packets. . . . All the great heap has been sorted now, and the piled packets, right and left of the High-Sheriff, stand exactly level!

The clerks have done. Three packets have yet to be handed up. One close by contains a hundred—I know, for I saw it counted—and belongs to Our Man. The other, a little beyond, is, I can see, for the Admiral: and this seems of equal bulk. At the far end of the table a methodical little clerk is slowly counting up the third—a thin one. Whose?

'Twenty-one—twenty-two—twenty-three—'

The clerk who has counted the Admiral's parcel holds it up and says, 'Seventy-seven in this.'

'Twenty-four—twenty-five—twenty-six,' counts the methodical little man at the end.

'Whose?'

'Twenty-seven,' says the little man, patting his parcel. 'For Mr. Blank.'

Our Man is in, by just fifty votes.

I turn—turn to find myself almost face to face with the Admiral, who is receiving his friends' condolences. Good fellow, he takes it splendidly. Only a flush on the face betrays him. 'Moral victory,' I hear one assure him. 'Moral victory, be d—d,' he answers back. 'You win or you're beaten. We've given 'em a run for their money.' I pass down the length of the room to Our Man, and we shake hands; but I want more to shake hands with the Admiral, as by-and-by I find a chance to do. 'Devilish good of you! A fair fight,' blurts he, and I am speechless.

There is plenty of time for this, for our imperturbable High-Sheriff, while the crowd below rages with impatience, is solemnly adjudicating upon six doubtful papers. The Agents argue points as though each paper were important as a separate suit in Chancery. . . . At length it is over, and we all move out to an ante-room, where one of the Agents throws up the sash of a window. A roar ascends, and is followed by a hush, as the High-Sheriff mounts on a stool in full view of the street; this, again, by a lesser roar as the knowing ones on our side perceive how the two candidates arrange themselves beside him—our Man on his right, the Admiral on his left.

The High-Sheriff is terse. 'I declare,' he calls out, as soon as the noise gives him opportunity, 'the result of the poll to be :

Blank	.	.	.	4316
Dash	.	.	.	4266

and is about to declare that in consequence Mr. Blank is duly elected, when a wild clamour drowns the utterance. He makes two attempts at speech, and withdraws from the window.

We stream down the stairs. I see Our Man seized at the doorway and mounted shoulder-high. A tumult pours after him. I wait until the press has gone by, and slip into a by-lane. Fetching a circuit of empty streets, I find myself in face of the hotel, on the porch-roof of which stand victor and vanquished, side by side, bawling thanks to their supporters. They shake hands after the fight, British fashion.

I edge my way through the throng, into the hotel, and upstairs. A couple of journalists intercept me, demanding my comments on the victory. 'Victory!' On my word, that is the last thought in my head. I answer them somehow, and on the landing blunder against Lady Caroline, of all people!

Contrition sweeps over me like a wave. 'I am sorry,' I stammer. 'Your husband took it just splendidly.'

'Ah,' she answers quickly, proudly, 'if only you knew him! He is always splendid.'

The new Member's room is spread for luncheon. At least a score of folk have taken charge. He drags me into his dressing-room, where the valet brings us two plates of tepid roast mutton, with a whisky and soda apiece. This is our victory! The Member and I push our plates among the shaving-gear and brushes on his dressing-table and lunch hilariously.

I am in the train again. Dusk is already descending on the woodlands, and I have lost one of our few perfect days of winter. But my spirit has resumed its morning peace, and the Election is a thousand years away. At each station hands reach in at the window and grasp mine. I answer with unmeaning words. I am still elated, but inclined to wonder what it is all about.

I reach home, and find the streets deserted. In Troy, as I have hinted, our opponents command all the alarums and excursions. They have heard the news by telephone and telegraph, and are digesting it indoors, behind drawn blinds. It might comfort them if they knew with how little of triumph, with how deep a sense of all human vanity, I pass their windows. . . . I come to my own hall, and it is hospitably bright. My footfall on the threshold brings a household about me. For a minute or two I wrestle with their joy, answering it as best I may. Then, breaking away to my small lit library, I reach for a pipe and look around on the shelves.

'O my books, my friends! You have taught me that for ten years a man should desert you for the crowd. That time is almost up, and life passes. A little while now, and we will spend the rest of it in wisdom together—in wisdom and blessed quiet!'

'Q.'

A GREAT GAME AT HIDE AND SEEK.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

BRUSLART was one of the players; the other was that red knave Napoleon himself. Each in turn became hider and hunter, ironical Fate sitting high as referee in the game all through.

Perceive the Chevalier de Bruslart; fifty years old, hair up to the eyes, big nose, short legs; Puckish, an artist at terrifying, and a penniless, unpaid agent of the Royalist cause. Perceive Napoleon also in the year 1801—but that portrait has been drawn too often already. And now let us watch the long game go on.

‘An English boat has landed Bruslart!—Bruslart has been seen near Caen!—Bruslart is making for Paris!’ When news like that came, semaphored from hill to hill, the French Scotland Yard gave a jump. Six thousand Paris gendarmes at once began to prepare for disaster, Fouché cursed all day at the Ministry of Police, and at the Tuileries the First Consul trembled all night. For everybody knew what Bruslart had sworn.

Bruslart had sworn to catch and shoot Napoleon! Napoleon had caused the death of Frotté, Bruslart’s friend, and vengeance had been sworn. Alarms and anxieties at *La Sûreté*, therefore, when fresh news came of Bruslart; forty special detectives went scattering over Paris, scouring, scanning, sacréing, but never detecting their man. Six thousand Paris gendarmes prowled about, eyeing every bushy beard suspiciously, and arresting all the short-legged and big-nosed. But meanwhile Bruslart sat *perdu*, an owl in an ivy-bush, big white nose beaking out of hair up to the eyes, puckishly chuckling, and lying low. Bruslart kept sending forth the most ingenious false reports about himself, that gave the Premier Consul shock after shock; Buonaparte raged and Fouché ferreted. But Bruslart kept himself hidden all the while. Bruslart was not merely *introuvable*, but bragging; he threatened by every post. The Corsican had ambushed Frotté, had he? Very well, then, the Corsican should be ambushed himself. They had mock-trialled Frotté, and fusilladed him, had they? By

St. Louis, the *canaille* from Corsica should be set against a wall and fusilladed himself!

As self-appointed Justiciary, Bruslart had even written to the Corsican, announcing a magnanimous intention. 'I shall not assassinate you, I am no murderer, I am not *you*! We shall make war on you. I am collecting a band of determined men. We shall meet you on the Malmaison road, abduct you from your guards, try you, and shoot you—*voilà tout!*' Nothing could be fairer than that, Bruslart thought. And nothing could be more disconcerting to his enemy, who was coward as well as rogue. 'If it should become needful to pistol you briefly, it shall be done "dans un combat loyal,"' the letter went on. Nothing could be more upsetting, for Napoleon had never fought 'un combat loyal' in his life.

'Track him down, Fouché—have him shot like a mad dog!' was Napoleon's cry to his eminent Minister of Police. Which was all very well, but—there was no having *ce damné Bruslart*: Paris was then such a congeries of rat-holes, and Bruslart was such a cunning and agile rat. All very well to circulate Bruslart's *signalement*, mentioning his long nose, shock head, and brush-wood beard—but here had been forty short-legged men with that *signalement* arrested already, and Bruslart was still at large. All very well to set a hundred louis on his head, but it was a head so canny. A'l very well to command all gendarmes and coast-guards to capture Bruslart; they could catch any but the veritable man.

And yet he was anything but invisible; according to letters and reports which reached *La Sûreté*, Bruslart was always being seen. Anonymous notes came mysteriously into Fouché's magnificent quarters on the Quai Malaquais (where the best of the book-boxes now are): 'Bruslart quitted Paris four days ago!—Bruslart is making for Le Havre!—Bruslart passed Friday night at Provost's Inn, Bayeux!' the information said. Then, in a day or two, 'Bruslart is back in Paris—Bruslart has been seen under the fifth *lanterne*, top of the Rue St. Honoré.' *Hic et ubique*, Bruslart, and nobody could be sure of where Bruslart was not. The search would rage, then flag; and presently, when all was lassitude, Bruslart, sitting in his ivy-bush, would stir. For Bruslart was not the man to permit you to forget his existence long, as Murat was soon to know.

Murat, having married the First Consul's sister, must move

into a splendid mansion, the Hôtel Thélusson. And Murat must *pendre la crémaillère*—Murat must housewarm, that is : in short, Murat must give a fancy-dress ball. In how many novels, I wonder, has not a masked ball been utilised for drama? In how many hundred short stories and plays? But here is a scene of the kind that is true. Very sumptuously Murat is giving his reception—himself disguised as a gentleman, by the bye; Murat is splendid, Murat is patronising, Murat is at the tip-top of his glory and delight. When, suddenly, a mask bounds forward, slaps Murat's face with a glove, cries 'Rascal, I will slit your ears!' and is gone. Bruslart again, of course! And yet that very morning, news, 'of the most authentic,' had reached *La Sûreté*, that Bruslart had been seen 'aux îles St. Marcouf,' peaceably fishing for flounders hundreds of miles away! Murat might choke with rage and Fouché foam with epilepsy, but Bruslart was gone. And Bruslart was sought for in vain, as usual, though 'de six semaines on n'en dormit pas au Quai Malaquais,' says M. Lenôtre, who searched this veridical history out.¹

Consider what Buonaparte and Murat must have felt about this gadfly, this snarling mosquito of their unquiet nights. What, they could battle successfully, calmly emerge from hecatombic slaughters, reap honours with the gilded sabre, and be dreaded by all the world, save one man! Conceive, if you can, the insane pitch reached by military intoxication in the France of those days—was the joy of it all to be dashed by one man? In the single book of a brilliant writer of French, M. le Capitaine Arpentigny, author of 'La Science de la main' and of nothing else, there is a passage of exquisite French which shows what demigods the flashing chiefs of armies had come to seem; it tells how Murat, then King of Naples, handled his heavy cavalry at Smolensk.

Il montait un bel étalon noir, plein de force et de grâce, calme, ruisselant d'or, inondé de longs crins luisants. Le roi portait un casque à cimier d'or, orné d'une aigrette blanche. Immobile, il regardait au loin, laissant dans le fourreau, d'un air d'insouciance altière, son sabre enrichi de pierreries. Tout à coup ses yeux jettent des flammes. Il se hausse sur ses étriers, et d'une voix éclatante, 'Changement de direction à gauche! commanda-t-il. 'Au galop.' Alors la terre trembla. On entendit un bruit semblable au tonnerre, et ces noirs escadrons, d'où jaillissaient des éclairs, comme entraînés par cette frêle aigrette blanche, s'écoulèrent comme un torrent.

¹ 'Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers.'

Made out of pictures like that, the Napoleonic legend was a pageant and fantasy so glitteringly false, and so alien to the knavish and brutal facts, that now, after a popular renewal of it—in France and in England too—some twenty years in duration, the bones are beginning to appear among the spangles, and a man of forty may hope to live to see the truth about Buonaparte and his Marshals recorded in history-books. But Bruslart had his legend, too. 'Bruslart can make 'em all squirm,' said the street philosophers of Paris, who knew the facts about the Consulate in a light more clear and dry than they have been seen for a hundred years. If Buonaparte had his Murat, Bruslart was believed to have a hero of a valet, and to be a hero to him, too. Even when Bruslart was really gone from Paris no gendarme felt safe. Had not Bruslart left behind him his valet—an entirely mythical personage, by the bye—to carry on the game of hide and seek? A most terrific fellow, this valet! The valet's name was Charles, said some; his name was Bernard, said others; anyhow, he was Bruslart's *locum tenens*, and frightful to encounter; he had a face like a sheep's, ornamented by a cicatrice four inches long and an inch and a quarter broad, the mark of a sabre-cut which had cleft the cheeks and nose. 'Look out!' the Paris gendarmes said to each other, 'Bruslart may or may not be gone, but beware of Bernard or Charles!'

Yet there was always the comfort of knowing that Bruslart must soon be away to England again, for he could never keep out of England very long. Some mysterious loadstone lay within the guarded isle, and his fair friends in France said, poutingly, that the loadstone must be some fair friend in Hampshire or Kent. Whatever this attraction may have been, the good news came periodically to Paris that Bruslart was really gone. Awkward and agitated windmill things, precursors of railway semaphores, jerkily sawed the air with glad announcements: 'Bruslart has passed through Dreux!—Bruslart is north of Abbeville!—Bruslart, thanks be, has taken ship from Boulogne!' *La Sûreté* respired again, Buonaparte could sleep o' nights, the six thousand Paris gendarmes ceased to feel as if sitting upon six thousand barrels of gunpowder, and Fouché could now rejoice with Bonne-Jeanne, his ugly, adored wife. Fouché and she had never been happier than when they knew that Bruslart was really gone; not even in the good old times, after a long red day at Nevers or Lyons; not even when in 1793

they had superintended the murder of two hundred and seventy-three young suspects all at once; or when he had written to his colleagues of the Convention, 'Tears of joy run from my eyes, overflowing from my soul—to-night two hundred and thirteen will die!'

So Bonne-Jeanne fed her Fouché with titbits, cooked by herself, while Bruslart rushed towards his loadstone in Hampshire or Kent.

To travel between Valognes and Bayeux, when you know this strange eventful history, is to think of the many times Bruslart made that journey. Mlle. Dotteville the poetess was his fair friend at Valognes; 'Solitaire de la vallée de la Drome' she signed her verses, but ceased to be solitary the moment Bruslart re-appeared. And other fair friends awaited and claimed him, elderly ugly Lothario that he was, at convenient places along his route to Paris; at Bayeux, Mme. de Thalleivaude; beyond Bayeux, Mme. de Vaubadon; beyond Caen, Rose Banville herself, called 'Jeanne d'Arc,' because of her fervent loyalty to the silver lilies. And in Paris there was Mme. de la Vacquière, as well as Mme. d'Anjou, called 'l'espionne des Princes.' Royalists all, these charming ladies, and devoted to their Paladin of perils, whom even a Napoleon had to dread. What 'priest-holes' they contrived for him in their châteaux, ready for when he should arrive some nightfall, bristling with visible handles of pistols and poniards, an ambulant arsenal of defence! What transports at his coming, what anxieties while he hides, what tears at his nocturnal departure, what heart-break when he is gone! Danger is ever a love-potion, and Napoleon was never such a lord of ladies as this brush-bearded Eros of fifty could be.

Then, 'Bruslart has been seen on the road from Chartres!' the semaphores would gesticulate, and the Usurper would quake again. Yet I cannot discover any serious effort ever made by Bruslart to carry out his threats. Perhaps it was vengeance exquisite enough that Napoleon should rage at the mere echo of a name. Bruslart might dally at Bayeux—he was none the less Buonaparte's nightmare and Fouché's torment. Bruslart might feast, dance, cook, and sing,—the Corsican started in his sleep if a branch but clapped a window-pane. Gay with his *amies*, Bruslart could be, while the guards at the Tuileries were doubled,

and a regiment of mameloucks patrolled the Malmaison road. Bruslart could take the hour and the pleasantness, and be gone to England when he would. Mlle. Aimée Berruyer at Paris, who claimed that he had wedded her, might suspect his sudden call to 'Scotland, on the business of the Princes,' again; but, though jealous, she would never betray. So 'Tra-dera-dira!' sang Bruslart, preparing for 'Scotland,' and

A la ferme des Margouettes,
Ousque sont les six peupliers,
Hou! hou!
Écoutez le chant du hibou!

And so away, by night, with the cry of an owl. Are there six poplar-trees near any farm in Hampshire or Kent? Aimée Berruyer wept to think there may be. But Tra-dera-dira! Bruslart had buckled on his arsenal, and was out of a back window, and gone.

Yet first he had despatched anonymous letters, which convinced *La Sûreté* that he was *not* gone, nor going, and the Bruslart legend had grown and grown. 'Bruslart has received three hundred thousand francs from Pitt!—Bruslart is to foment a rebellion! An attack on the Emperor is imminent!' The spasms of terror and searching went on even while Bruslart was prostrate upon heaving planks, heroically sick half-way across an inhuman Channel. And then, the enormous and magnificent insolence of Bruslart, when he had ceased to sway and heave, the Channel journey over! His saturnine joking, in letters mysteriously delivered, found even under the Sèvres soup plates, in the State rooms at Fontainebleau! 'I will shave the Usurper myself some morning,' he wrote to Napoleon's valet. 'I am preparing a Sheffield razor!' And the superb assurance of Bruslart—Napoleon must be his social inferior, one would think! 'Fellow, do not dare to enter Normandy!' he wrote, as if he were William the Norman himself. 'Normandy is *my* estate. I should think myself eternally disgraced if a dog like you set paw on a field of mine!' So that when, under pressure of affairs of State, Napoleon must actually go to Normandy, a renegade follower of Bruslart's sat on the box of the carriage, directing a telescope at every face which became visible even a hundred yards away. The splendid *carrosse* took the broad ways only, double files of dragoons escorted it, and yet, when they entered Normandy, Napoleon at every turn of the wheels expected

catastrophe, and each night was astonished to find himself still alive and whole. He slept only fitfully, though the bed, and under it, the hangings, the chests, the *armoires*, and the anterooms had all been searched by Fouché's minions, accompanied by mameloucks armed to the glistening teeth. Twenty mameloucks guarded the bed-chamber door, yet the name and shade of Bruslart could enter in.

Meanwhile the body of Bruslart was enjoying itself in some pleasant Norman or Angevin château. Fair ladies watched and admired the cleverness of Bruslart, thirty leagues from the spot where Buonaparte shook at his name. If the semaphore had been set in motion then, it would have signalled: 'Bruslart has asked for a lathe!—Bruslart is turning wooden serviette-rings by the dozen!—Bruslart has entered the kitchen!—Bruslart is cooking *beignets à la fleur d'acacia*, better than the most professed of *chefs* could do!' At dinner Bruslart would take the head of the table, and propose the toast of the King; and then, being gay with Vouvray wine, perhaps he would sing his famous ballad of the 'Six Départements'—not the six poplars—an effusion so vivid that I cannot make a place for it here. Napoleon might tremble at Le Havre, but Bruslart was quite at his ease near Bayeux; so many detectives and gendarmes were searching for him where he was not, that there were none to spare for searching where he was. 'I am a greater General than the Corsican!' he boasted—'my strategy immobilises his battalions of spies and protectors.' Then, Napoleon being back in Paris, after Normandy, or Jena, or Moscow, again the mysterious letters and semaphored warnings began. 'Bruslart has landed at Berck!—Bruslart travels as Petit, a pedlar from Belgium,' or 'Bruslart will be gambling in the Palais-Royal to-morrow night!' Again Fouché cursed and Napoleon quaked; not all the armies of Austria, Prussia, and Russia seemed so dangerous as this one ubiquitous foe.

Then Lucifer fell, as far as Elba, and—oh, irony and vengeance—who was it became the Governor of Corsica? The game of hide and seek went on still, but with a difference. Whom had the new Bourbon King at the Tuileries specially charged with the duty of watching 'Robinson' in his isle? The Chevalier de Bruslart himself!

Governor-General the Chevalier de Bruslart sailed into the

harbour of Ajaccio with two frigates, a corvette, a brig, two schooners, and several despatch-boats, to use in case of need; they were to watch the great rat in his island hole. Governor-General the Chevalier de Bruslart posted himself at Bastia, the nearer to be to Elba, and the better to watch. There Bruslart sat, gloating, on the heights, telescoping across towards his great subject, the fallen Corsican, marooned at Porto Ferrajo yonder, a mere forty miles of sea away. And Bruslart had still the delight to know that his enemy trembled. For Napoleon boiled with fury! This was the last straw and foulest stroke. In 'Les Cent Jours' M. de Chaboulon tells us what Napoleon thought of it: 'They mean to have me assassinated, they have sent to Bastia a hired bravo of George the Third's, a wretch whom even the London newspapers confess to be a stabber and drinker of blood!' With such accuracy did the fallen knave describe his invisible guardian, forty miles away: guess from that how maligned his actual custodians at St. Helena were likely to be. 'But let him take care!' Napoleon foamed on, about Bruslart. 'If he misses his stroke at me I'll not miss mine at him!' Thus—petty, unjust, and furious—quothe the Colossus who once had bestridden the mainland; and Bruslart, hearing of it, swelled with new pride. 'I never trembled at him!' he told his staff, who were good fellows all of them—all good Royalists, who had helped Bruslart to hide, in days when hide he must, but such a set of incompetents as surely Governor-General never gathered around him before; a Chief of Staff who could not write, and a Captain of the Guard who had never worn uniform till then.

So that Bruslart had to write his own despatches, and Fouché—for, irony again, Fouché was still Minister of Police—acknowledged that he 'had seen that handwriting before.' 'Buonaparte prepares to escape, I tell you!—Buonaparte has corrupted the Governor of Elba!—Send me to Elba!—Buonaparte will soon be stirring you all up at Paris if you don't!' Bruslart wrote. The semaphore style again, you observe, with more of accuracy this time. And next—oh, keenest irony of all!—Bruslart let Buonaparte slip, in spite of the Corsican fleet!

It was on the night of February 16, 1815, that Napoleon quitted Elba. Before he went aboard that night he signed a decree, and one only: read it, if you doubt that he feared his man as much as M. Lenôtre recounts. 'Decreed. 1. Bruslart is to be arrested at once, and conveyed to prison at Paris.

2. Seals are to be placed on Bruslart's papers.' But Bruslart, having let his quarry escape, now disappeared. And Bruslart being better at hiding than guarding, so late as the 11th of April Napoleon issued that order again. 'Bruslart to be arrested, and brought under good escort to Paris.' But Brer Fox, he lying low. Then Waterloo occurred, and Lucifer fell as far as the rock in the Atlantic. The Bourbons being on the throne again, Bruslart could now emerge and demand the reward of his singular services. 'I wore him out!' quoth Bruslart; 'it was *my* doings that he couldn't sleep of a night! He'd have won Waterloo if it hadn't been for me!' Which is perhaps as good an explanation of Napoleon's final failure as any other, except the obvious one, don't you think?

So M. le Chevalier de Bruslart was promoted, becoming 'M. le Maréchal et l'Inspecteur-Général d'Infanterie,' though he inspected nothing, and revelled in a sinecure, dwelling at Paris, until, every six months or so, the English loadstone drew him again. Recondite to the end—he died in 1829, eight years later than Napoleon—he left an irritating mystery behind him. What *was* the English loadstone? Some son or daughter in England that he came across a heaving Channel to kiss? And who had been the mother, the fair and inexpressive she? Not all the happy bookworms who play the hide-and-seek game of research beneath Panizzi's dome shall track that mystery now. But there is another dome, a gilded one, at Paris. And if you should ever stand again beneath the *Dôme des Invalides*, and perceive a short-legged, big-nosed, hairy fellow watching the porphyry sarcophagus, be sure it is Bruslart, but take care not to utter his name. For if you do, the dust within the porphyry box will stir.

THE LEAVES OF THE TREE.

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

IV.—J. K. S.

WHEN I entered College at Eton in 1874, Jim Stephen, as he was always called, had been there three years. I do not remember my first actual sight of him, but he was so entirely unlike other boys that, once seen, it was impossible to forget him. He had a very big head with fine clear-cut features, large and rather terrific eyes, a strong expressive mouth, and a solid chin. He wore his hair, which curled slightly, somewhat long, and parted in the middle. The expression of his face was severe to grimness in repose—it was eminently a judicial face—though it lit up with an irrepressible smile. He gave the impression of enormous strength. He was very sturdily built, and walked in a slow, ungainly, and almost shuffling manner, holding his hands stiffly at his sides, his fingers extended. He was very much of a hero among the smaller boys for several rather inconsequent reasons. He played the odd game of football, known as the Wall Game, with remarkable skill and endurance, he was extremely good-natured, he did very little work, he defied authority, he was extraordinarily and perennially amusing, and he had the most copious and prodigious flow of elaborate bad language that ever issued from human lips. It was not obscene language, and he always bore an absolutely stainless character, but it was incredibly profane and supremely opprobrious; and on the rare occasions when he lost his temper, the terror of the situation was much modified by the amazing variety of expression with which he gave the rein to his feelings.

I first made friends with him in rather an odd way. College at that time was divided into cliques, and rather sharply divided. During my first year at Eton, the peace was kept by the efforts of two boys; the first was Binney, the Captain of the School, who afterwards died at Repton, where he was a master. He was a quiet, unimpressive boy, but with much force of character. Next to him came Herbert Ryle, now Bishop of Winchester, whose

unaffected dignity and good-humoured kindness made strife impossible. When these two left the School in 1875, a different set came into power. They were some of them boys with a good deal of character—more than one has risen to high distinction in the world—and with a strong sense of duty. But the leaders were intensely conventional and conservative, meant to use their authority on familiar lines, and hopelessly misjudged the boys with whom they did not sympathise. Next to these came a very remarkable set of boys indeed, to which Stephen belonged. There was C. Lowry, now headmaster of Tonbridge, the embodiment of quiet force and good-natured independence; there was Spring Rice, now Sir Cecil Spring Rice, British Minister in Sweden; Vassall, now Father Vassall-Phillips, the Redemptorist; W. O. Burrows, now Archdeacon of Birmingham; and others of the same active-minded type.

All these were much under the influence of Mr. Oscar Browning, who was always on the look-out for any signs of intellectual enthusiasm; he threw his house and his library open to such boys, he taught them History, and deliberately tried to awaken their interest in books and art and ideas. But this attempt to encourage culture found very little sympathy at Eton. Opinion was cautious and ideals were restricted. There were three or four masters on Mr. Browning's side, men whose influence in the direction of all that is interesting, beautiful, and noble has since been recognised; and who can say how much it has not done to widen the restricted horizon of Eton boyhood? But these men were in the minority. Hornby, the Headmaster, was a courteous and gracious man, of restrained emotions, and wholesome, if conventional, views of life. He favoured the reactionary party among the masters, which was led by men of great force and energy, and followed by the timid, the cautious, and the conservative elements. The ideal of this party was sound enough so far as it went, and it was perhaps the best adapted to win the confidence of the British parent. It was a sort of muscular Christianity. The ideal boy was the boy of pure life and high training, who believed what he was taught, did as he was told, read the prescribed books, and set a good example of activity, respectability, and decorum. I have not the slightest wish to decry this ideal. The mischief of it was in its rigid application: it was not wide enough nor sympathetic enough. The men who upheld it did so vigorously and complacently.

They pooh-poohed the idea of intellectual culture, and thought it all rather dangerous and subversive. The result was that while they hauled in their net full of little fishes, they did not see that the biggest fishes were escaping them.

The set to which Jim Stephen belonged was full of ideas, and took nothing for granted. They did not do justice to the good sense and thoroughness of the masters who took the other side. One of their most revolutionary notions was that age and standing in the school should be no bar to friendship, and so they deliberately made friends with several small boys who seemed inclined to be interested in the same things. Of course the proceeding was not approved of by the Sixth Form set; and they were not wholly unjustified in their disapproval.

I was myself one of the small boys who were taken up by the reformers. I entered upon easy relations with them, in blissful ignorance of any disapproval, and with extreme pleasure and delight. We used to go to breakfast-parties with them, and often carried up our books in the long evenings to sit and work and talk in the rooms of our older friends. We were not in the least unduly encouraged. We heard a great deal of exciting and amusing talk, and we were treated as rather lively younger brothers might be by good-humoured elder brothers.

The bigger boys of the set lived very simple and blameless lives; but they made it no part of their business to take a strong line on moral questions. They just went their way, full of plans and absurdities, intensely interested in books and in each other, and making very pronounced fun of the virtuous and conventional authorities, whom they quite unduly despised. They were nicknamed, I remember, by their opponents the High Souls, and Jim Stephen, whose talent for inventing *sobriquets* was unrivalled, retorted by calling these the Bludgers, which amiable characterisation they long enjoyed.

One frail memorial of their intellectual activities remains in a schoolboy paper called the 'Etonian,' which ran for a year in the early seventies, and contains both poetry and prose of remarkable promise, though its esoteric humour can hardly be interpreted except by a contemporary.

Things quieted down; though there was one untoward incident when Jim Stephen made in public an ironical imitation of the tone and manner of the Captain of the School, in his presence, and was requested to submit to a caning in consequence.

It seemed then like a chapter out of the French Revolution. The incident was discussed high and low. He was too high up in the School and too prominent for such indignities. But the upshot of it was that he asked the advice of Mr. F. W. Cornish, now Vice-Provost of Eton, who very sensibly advised him to submit—and submit he did, with the agreeable result that for the next few evenings, when the unpopular Captain came into the Hall at supper, all the boys rose in silence and walked straight out. I have often admired the courage with which the object of our hostility faced the odium. Sustained by a consciousness of right, he followed us out, to all appearances entirely untroubled by the demonstration.

One picturesque scene remains to this day in my memory. Jim Stephen was, among other things, a hopelessly unpunctual boy. He was so often late for Chapel that he received an intimation that he must amend his ways or the consequences would be serious. The ceremonial of the service was impressive. The Sixth Form assembled in the ante-chapel with the choir. When the Provost and Headmaster appeared, the organ struck up, and the Sixth Form, carrying their tall hats in front of them as though they were consecrated vessels, stalked solemnly in. Then followed the choir, and when the dignitaries appeared, all the boys stood up. The Headmaster, Hornby, sate in a stall some way up the chapel. Provost Goodford, a quaint little figure in high collars and straggling white tie, stumbled up the steps to his stall, while the alert figure of Hornby, with his bright eyes and his long black whiskers, passed lightly and swiftly down the central gangway. At this moment the portentous figure of Jim Stephen appeared, glaring in at the glass doors of the screen, which had been closed by the verger. He waited until Hornby's head was bowed in prayer; then he passed through the doors, closed them, and walked up the aisle with extreme dignity, keeping his glance fixed upon the Headmaster. It was exactly timed. Just as he slipped into his place, Hornby rose refreshed, wholly unaware of the interruption, and perhaps a little puzzled by the broad smiles of the Collegers.

Another little recollection remains with me. I was the possessor in those days of an alarum clock, and it seemed to me the height of bliss to be awakened by it at five in the morning. I suppose I had an obscure idea of being beforehand with the work of the day. Jim Stephen, who was invariably behindhand,

implored me to call him regularly at that hour, and if possible to call him again a little later. He occupied in those days a big room in the Upper Passage of College, the ceiling of which was supported by an iron post, upon which the security of the whole building was supposed to depend. I can remember often going in, and finding Stephen, with his gigantic form very scantily covered, plunged in a slumber so deep that it seemed impossible to rouse him. At last a hollow voice would say, 'Oh, yes—all right—thanks.' I went off to rouse some other claimants, looked out of the window at the end of the passage at the playing-fields with the dew on the grass, the sheep already cropping, and the screen of high-towering elms behind, and thought how pleasant and exciting it all was. On looking again into Jim Stephen's room, sleep had prevailed. I would beat upon his shoulder. He would sit up in bed, glaring at me without a sign of recognition. Suddenly consciousness would return. 'I have been to sleep again! Horror!' (that was a mild specimen of his terms), and he would hurl himself out of bed, divesting himself as he did so of a very exiguous nightshirt, and plunge straight without a word into a big bath, entirely oblivious of my services.

And there is another scene that I remember. It was at a harmless and noisy institution called College Supper, a festivity which took place at the end of the Christmas half. It was primarily a football supper, but most of the prominent boys in College were asked. A good deal of beer was drunk, and songs were sung. It was known that Jim Stephen would sing a song. He had a liking for music, but not much idea of formal melody. When the time came, he rose with great dignity and with a terrible glare down the table. He began, producing a louder volume of continuous sound than I have ever heard from a human throat. I have forgotten now what the song was; some slight variations in tone and rhythm led us to believe that he had a tune in his mind. He made no pauses of any kind. The chorus joined in when it could, forming nothing but a faint and gasping background to the original solo. But the song continued to pour out without any apparent reference to the audience. He wore from end to end the same air of intense gravity mingled with righteous anger. The guests were helpless with laughter. I remember boys with their heads on their hands in uncontrollable convulsions; others rising from the table and leaning against the wall entirely overcome. At the end he made a grave

bow and sate down; and the cessation of the incredible sound made a sort of shocking silence, only broken by the exhausted laughter of the spectators. It was some time before anyone else could recover himself enough to sing.

At the end of his time at Eton I got to know him better still. He was anxious, I think, to keep up his friendship with some juniors who were likely to remain in the school—for even then one felt that he had a passionate sort of devotion to the place, which never failed him, and hated the thought of separation from Eton. He used to stray into my room and talk there, leaning his great back against the door-post. He was never still; he was always kicking something, or playing with something, or breaking something—*petulcus*, as they say in Latin—as if conscious of his enormous strength, and as if it fretted him not to use it. He was eccentric in dress, and everything he wore looked too small for him—as indeed it mostly was. He delighted in getting the smallest ties he could—all the bigger boys at Eton wear white ties in a bow—and in tying them in the smallest possible bows between the flaps of the largest possible collar. I think he enjoyed giving amusement; and his ungainly motions were extraordinarily mirth-provoking. I remember one day, at 'Absence,' when he had arrived late, seeing him borrow a hat and a gown from the smallest Colleger, and advance into the middle, under the eyes of the Headmaster, with immense dignity and gravity. On one occasion it fell to me to row with him in a sweepstakes. He pulled as hard as he could, sending the water up in great spirts. I could not do anything to keep the head of the boat straight; we shipped a quantity of water, and the 'cedar,' as it was called—a sort of low-built gig, with very high rowlocks—was soon under water. Jim Stephen continued to row majestically as we sank, and rowed till the water was up to his chin. Then he spurned the boat from under him, and swam to the shore like a great sphinx, leaving me to look after myself.

I was not, I remember, exactly at ease with him, though I felt it a great honour to be selected as his friend. I was always overshadowed by a sense of his cleverness, quickness, and ability, and was afraid of not being up to the mark in talk. He was in reality very shy, and it was a great mistake to feel ill at ease, because he was not only uncritical, but delighted in anyone who would talk to him frankly and easily; indeed, I do not think he

ever liked the company of his intellectual equals as much as the company of amiable and unaffected people of inferior ability who enjoyed being with him, and said what they thought, without any idea of trying to be brilliant or interesting. Neither do I think he cared about a *tête-à-tête* particularly. He liked a group. One was conscious in a *tête-à-tête* with him of a certain *gêne* on his part. He was of an emotional nature always, but found it very hard to express his feelings; and I was aware in those days, especially just before the time came for him to leave the School, that there was some hidden flow of feeling about him, a heartfelt craving which he could not express even to himself.

He left Eton in 1878, and went up to King's with a scholarship. He wrote to me a good deal in those days, in his odd, hurried, irregular handwriting, the lines sloping at all angles. They were wonderful letters for a boy to write. I knew that dimly then, though I hardly guessed how wonderful. They were extravagantly absurd and fantastic, never about anything in particular. They would be very cryptic to the ordinary reader, because of their allusions and nicknames. We started a magazine at Eton in those days, the 'Eton Rambler,' a short-lived and very pretentious periodical. Stephen sent us a good many little contributions, now included in his collected poems, which stand out like jewels among the worthless stuff we wrote. The maturity of all he produced was conspicuous. He was very indignant with me at times for not answering his letters more promptly and fully. I remember a letter of rhetorical invective dashed off in verse, which began :

What means this silence? Is't a seemly thing
Thus to provoke a friendly elder's ire?
Take notice then, that if thou answerest not,
A second letter follows close on this,
Third close on second, fourth as close on third,
And angry postcards rain as thick as hail
That slew Egyptia's cattle . . .

He often came down to Eton in those days, playing football and lounging about, with endless interludes of talk. He did not often seem to be working, nor was he ever serious. But there was a difference. His mind, always mature, took on a new tinge. His work was more congenial; for at Eton he was always an indifferent classical scholar, and he turned at Cambridge to History and Law. He threw himself into the free discussion of

political and social problems, and he was early elected a member of the Apostles' Club, which undertook high-heartedly the reform of the world by the light of pure reason. He became a serious and incisive debater at the Union; and he came in contact too with older and more experienced minds, as well as with ardent and original spirits among his own contemporaries. All these influences produced in him a remarkable expansion, widening his grasp and deepening his interests. It was all entirely free from any priggishness or over-earnestness; not perhaps wholly free from a certain intellectual pride, and a contempt for vague and sloppy intelligences. Some latent ambition woke and raised its head. There was no one for whom we more confidently predicted fame and success. It seemed to us then that he had only to select his line, and situations of emolument, as Mrs. Micawber said, would be brought forward. Not only was his mind quick, logical, alert, and ingenious, but he had an enormous reserve of mental and physical strength and health, which seemed boundless, to draw upon. He never seemed tired, or dispirited, or uncertain, or half-hearted. He would sit up most of the night and be perfectly fresh in the morning, while his bodily endurance was inexhaustible.

When I went up to Cambridge in 1881, I found him at the very top of his reputation, and certainly the most marked man of the younger generation. He lived a very easy life, with apparently no fixed hours for work, and endlessly sociable. But at this time I did not see as much of him as I had hoped. He had big dark rooms in the Fellows' Building at King's, on the ground floor, in the staircase next the chapel. The furniture was extremely heterogeneous. The front room was panelled and painted a dark sage-green. The inner sitting-room was a high panelled *cabinet de travail*, coloured and grained, I suppose to resemble oak; and here he was usually to be found. I remember one afternoon finding him at tea with an older man—a small elegant person with moustache and side-whiskers, who was delicately smoking a cigar, and whose appearance did not suggest any intellectual weight. I was introduced, but did not catch the stranger's name. He talked in the most enchanting manner, with a fine irony and a subtle humour. It was Jebb, I afterwards discovered, and he showed me much kindness then and later. But the most picturesque of my memories of Jim Stephen are in salient vignettes. I remember going to breakfast with him one morning

and finding him still in bed. He rose at once, plunged into a cold bath, and, putting on a shirt and trousers without any attempt at drying himself, came out and presided at the meal while the suffused shirt slowly regained its texture. Again, I recollect going into Chapel one morning on the stroke of eight. The rule was that, if one did not go to Chapel, one had to sign one's name, before the clock struck eight, in a book which lay at the Porter's Lodge. I was walking with the Vice-Provost, Augustus Austen Leigh, a man of the most amiable decorum. As we passed the door of Stephen's staircase, he burst forth, his hair in great elf-locks, clad in trousers and a short dressing-gown of a gaudy Oriental pattern, with a pair of carpet slippers on his feet, and ran intently and furiously, with a look of desperate concentration, across the grass, which was forbidden to be trodden by the profane foot, leaving one slipper at the edge of the lawn, and the other by the fountain. The Vice-Provost watched him with a melancholy air, but was suddenly seized with a convulsion of uncontrollable laughter, in which I joined, and we entered the Chapel in a hysterical state. Once or twice during the service I glanced at the Vice-Provost in his stall of state, and I saw with delight that at intervals he bowed himself over his book, in a desperate attempt to check his irrepressible mirth at the recollection of the apparition.

It was at this period—at the end of 1882—that Stephen acquired some fame as an actor by his appearance as Ajax in the play of Sophocles which was performed at the Cambridge theatre. My recollection of his performance is that it was extremely impressive. He was wholly without any dramatic gift; his elocution was hurried; his gestures stiff; but the thing was so forcible, so intense, and vibrated with so intellectual a passion, that it held the audience from first to last as with a kind of tragic significance; while at the rehearsals the contrast between his irresponsible humour, his social enjoyment, and the desperate energy with which he enacted his own part was a thing I can never forget.

In the matter of companionship, Jim Stephen preferred the society of pleasant-mannered and mildly cultivated men, of his own standing or junior to himself, to the society of profound and ardent intellects. *It is difficult to define precisely what his attitude was to the most brilliant minds among his contemporaries*

and what their attitude was to him. In this respect he was something like Dr. Johnson in the deference which he enjoyed. He was so clear in his own views, so cogent in statement, so humorous in argument, so incisive in combat, that I doubt whether the best minds of the generation were, except perhaps in the meetings of the Apostles, ever laid very fairly alongside of his. I should say that he enjoyed an absolutely unquestioned supremacy so far as pure intellectual force went. But he did not thirst for the fray; he preferred as a rule to take his ease among gentler temperaments. Probably his superior skill in dialectic rather concealed from him that his mind was more analytical than constructive, and his dislike of insecure idealism kept him unaware of the fact that he was lacking both in moral energy and in imaginative sympathy. He was serious enough, but he did not allow his seriousness to overflow into his ordinary life and conversation. He liked talk better than discussion, and there was never the least touch of prophetic solemnity about him. Young men who are very earnest, or who luxuriate in the consciousness of intellectual gifts, are not as a rule easy company. People who are pressing towards the mark of their high calling have not much time for trifling by the way; while those who find themselves possessed of mental power of untried sharpness and suppleness, like a new rapier, are not averse from showing how dexterously they can use it. The fact is that the undergraduate period is a time when many boys who have been tamed and fettered by conventional public-school life come into their kingdom, and do not dislike manifesting their authority. The frank collision of ingenuous minds, engaged in re-discovering the truths of life and the significance of ideas which seem to have escaped the notice of philosophers and sages, is of great advantage to the particular disputants; but it is apt to fret and bore older people, because of the violence and cocksureness with which they see society being re-made. I do not think that Stephen went through much of this; he had a kind of instinctive maturity, a balance of judgment, which as a rule is only arrived at by experience. Like a man of the world, he did not flood the whole of life with enthusiasm, or account all moments wasted which were not expended in the discussion of first principles. This was the interest of his mental processes—that they were so sane, so well-proportioned. Yet I used to think that it imparted a certain aridity to his serious talk when the veil was

removed, because he seemed already to have arrived, while we were experiencing the luxurious emotion of not arriving!

Jim Stephen invented a form of entertainment for Sunday evenings, the object of which was that the gatherings should have a markedly domestic character. It was an informal club called the T.A.F.—Twice a Fortnight—which met in the members' rooms. The fare a cold supper; and then everyone did as he liked—talked, read, played the piano, drew. Members of the Ford family best represented the quality of the T.A.F. Henry Ford was even then an accomplished black-and-white artist of lively humour. His caricatures were inimitable. Walter Ford had a beautiful tenor voice, and sang charmingly. They were interested, too, in books, but cared little about politics or the problems of life and being. In this atmosphere Jim Stephen expanded with a delightful zest. He liked the easy, amiable, affectionate atmosphere; he liked the sense of being able to amuse and interest; he loved close and intimate relations. And this, I always felt, was the secret of Jim Stephen's temperament. He had a very emotional nature, combined with a horror of sentimental situations. He had a touch of that austerity about emotional expression which was so characteristic of his uncle, Leslie Stephen, and which concealed a deep vein of the purest tenderness. And I believe that Jim Stephen would have fallen an easy prey to anyone who could have overwhelmed him with sentiment. In this I used to think that he resembled Swift. He was trenchant and even devastating in discourse; but he, like Swift, could have invented and enjoyed 'the little language,' and like Swift he expanded in an atmosphere of delicate cares and caressing affection. I used to feel something vaguely paternal about him, and a sense that in the region of affection he seldom spoke out.

I remember several strolls with him, on starlit nights, down to the bridge at the back of the College. He was fond of identifying the constellations; and I can see him now in the glimmering dusk, in a light suit, with his shirt open at the neck, his hands in his pockets, walking slowly, dragging his great limbs along, with his face turned up to the sky. There was an owl at that time which used to snore somewhere in a hollow tree in the thicket of yews on the river-bank; and after vain attempts to awaken it, or to make it show itself, he addressed it in an absurd

invocation, upon which it suddenly sailed softly out over the river, so that we could hear its beating wings, and flapped off into the dark to find some more secluded spot for its dreams.

But I think I saw less of him at the end of his time, and talked less freely to him than formerly; and the reason, I think, did credit to his loyalty and consideration. He was a strong Agnostic, while I at that time took up a rather definitely religious line, and had the intention of reading theology and taking Orders. I do not think he had any respect for the theological position, and despised ecclesiasticism with all his heart. But I have reason to think that he had no wish to proselytise, or to disturb the minds of those who chose to follow a different line of thought; and I believe that his abstention from any such argument in my case came from a real loyalty of friendship. He knew that I lived among ecclesiastical influences, and had no desire to upset convictions even of a kind uncongenial to himself. I do not say this merely as a supposition. There were others of his circle who argued against religious beliefs with me with considerable impatience and even contempt; but Jim Stephen had a juster sense, and showed here as elsewhere a maturer wisdom and a ripper consideration.

When he took his degree in 1882 and left Cambridge, I succeeded him in his big rooms, and bought most of his furniture. He expended much pleasant rhetoric in persuading me to take a particular wooden writing-chair, which he pointed out was singularly adapted to the human frame. I did so, and it has been my writing-chair ever since. There is no doubt about its merits, and I cherish it as a memorial of him.

His career at Cambridge was full of distinction. He took a very good first in History, he won the Member's Prize for an English Essay, and the Whewell Scholarship for International Law. He also carried off the Winchester Reading Prize. He was, too, President of the Union. And all this was done with little appearance of steady work. Then he went for a while as tutor to the Duke of Clarence, and his time at Sandringham proved extremely pleasant and delightful; though I have sometimes wondered whether Jim Stephen's dry art of statement and somewhat impatient quality of mind fitted him to teach a Prince of extraordinary amiability and sweetness, but whose intellectual tastes were of the simplest character. They were, however, firm friends; and Jim Stephen realised to the full,

as none who knew the Duke ever failed to find, the warm affection and constant fidelity of his illustrious pupil.

When he left Cambridge, he went to London to read for the Bar. But he often came down to King's, and appeared at many social gatherings. He was the aptest and wittiest of extempore speakers, and there are many traditions extant of his epigrams. There was an occasion, at which I was not present, when an elderly man, at some discussion I suppose about the future life, spoke in a confident manner about the detailed prospects of the immortal spirit. Jim Stephen replied with much incisiveness. He quoted Wordsworth's line, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' and added that this did not constitute a reason why we should lie about it when we were middle-aged. And there was another occasion when, in a temporary fit of irritation with his friend and former tutor Oscar Browning, he said that he had discovered the derivation of the word 'microbe'—*Μικρός*, little, and O.B.

I remember, too, the genesis of some of his poems—one in particular. He was in my rooms one evening, and I asked him to write something. He required a subject. I suggested the name of an undergraduate, a very shrewd and amusing Scotchman who lodged on the same staircase—William Harvey. Stephen sat down with a pen and a bit of paper, and wrote off, with hardly an erasure, the sonnet printed in his poems:

What are the habits of this crimson flood
We reek with? Man had questioned many a year.

He worked into the octet allusions to Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and completed it by an allusion to Harvey's sauce. I have the MS. still, but the poem has lost some of its pristine vigour by subsequent alteration. The sonnet to Provost Okes, and another to his friend Theodore Beck, were both written under similar circumstances.

He turned aside a good deal to journalism at this time, and wrote for the 'St. James's Gazette' and the 'Saturday Review.' His powers were then at their very strongest and brightest; and when he was elected in 1885 to a Fellowship it was felt that the College had acted with a fine disregard of academical caution, and with a perception of quality which a body of intellectual electors often fails to exhibit. By this time I had gone to Eton as a master; but he occasionally appeared there.

At this period, his friends felt that he had begun to show a seriousness and a strenuousness, both in writing and in talk, which differed from his old detached manner of inconsequent persiflage. I remember well, after he had been present arguing a political question with great lucidity and some animus, a friend of his, when Stephen went away, said, 'Well, I suppose it was bound to come—but Jim Stephen seems to be losing his sense of humour! He has acquired a political faith. I suppose it is only right and natural, but it is not nearly so amusing.'

Then in 1886 came the accident which was the unhappy cause, without doubt, of the later disasters. It was at Felixstowe, where he was staying. There was an erection over a well, a pumping-mill, worked by a small windwheel. Jim Stephen clambered up the ladder to examine this, and either by accident, or in attempting to take hold of the revolving sails, received a blow on the head which half-stunned him. Nothing was thought of it at the time, and he soon got over the accident; but no doubt some subtle inflammation of brain-tissue resulted. He began to form sanguine and unbalanced plans, to be extravagant in money matters, and to display emotional tendencies of a rather vehement type. In 1888 he started, on very insufficient capital, a little paper called the 'Reflector.' It was meant to be a concentration of sensible and well-informed journalism. He worked at this with immense energy and gusto, and secured a band of very distinguished contributors which included such names as Leslie Stephen, George Meredith, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Anstey, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Bernard Holland, Lady Ritchie, and Miss Mary Cholmondeley. Each number contained only one or two articles, and it was designed to supply a dependable and lively criticism of current thought and literature. But the whole tone was too intellectual, and the light was too dry. It never attained to a circulation of more than 250, and after seventeen numbers the resources were exhausted. Stephen felt the disappointment very keenly, and indeed the complete failure of such an enterprise constitutes rather a severe censure on the intellectual curiosity of the day.

As it seemed unlikely at this time that he would do much at the Bar, and as it became more and more clear that his work would be literature, he accepted a legal appointment—a Clerkship of Assize—which gave him light circuit duties and a competence. But now his behaviour began to be marked by a

curious eccentricity. It all seemed so deliberate, and his mental powers were so preternaturally acute and brilliant, that it was supposed and hoped that it was a passing phase. He became very restless in mind, taking up such pursuits as drawing and even music, for which he had no aptitude whatever. I remember his showing me a number of water-colour pictures of the most grotesque kind, which he assured me were portraits; one in particular, of a female figure in a long brown coat sitting on the rail of a stile, in a kind of twilight, with a low moon in the distance, and a curious suggestiveness about it. But his conversation was still so forcible and brilliant, that it was all put down to nothing more than the vagaries of an original mind.

Indeed, the most characteristic feature of all this time was the extraordinary lightness and brilliance of his talk. But the difficulty when he was down at Eton was that, while he was so sociable and so entertaining, he did not seem to think that anyone else could have anything to do. He had no fixed engagements himself, and yet he was writing a great deal and was anxious to have his work criticised. He would read his poems aloud to any listener, willing or unwilling. Sometimes he would spend long days on the river. He would take a lodging for a week together, but one could not be sure that he would ever turn up for a meal at the time appointed, while he would appear at one's house at any hour of the day, ask for luncheon or supper, eat whatever was put before him, and pour out a stream of amusing talk. He was always ready to discuss anything, always tolerant and reasonable and humorous; and the only anxiety was that he seemed so entirely indifferent to the ordinary framework of life.

But after that there came a time when it became clear that there was definite physical mischief. He resigned his legal appointment and his Fellowship, and alleged that his literary prospects were such that he had no need to think of money. There was an interval of apparently restored health in 1890. He went up to Cambridge, did some private teaching, and it seemed as though the cloud was clearing away; but he was suddenly struck down by an acute attack of brain-disturbance, after which he put himself under medical care. But nothing could be done to save him, and he died somewhat suddenly, early in 1891.

It is difficult to know what to make of this tragic story, of these astonishing gifts so strangely squandered and devastated

by what seems so fortuitous an accident. If it is too much to say that men are gradually organising and constructing society on the broad lines of justice and order and peace, yet there is obviously a tendency at work bringing harmony out of discord and social liberty out of individual selfishness. It had seemed that Jim Stephen would have contributed his part to this work. It need not be supposed that the aim of Providence is to gratify individuals by enhancing their sense of personal success. There are plenty of minds of a high order of efficiency and exactness; but Stephen had a width of survey, an extraordinary lucidity of view, a marked sanity of judgment, enlivened by a great love of human beings and a most abundant sense of humour. As a rule, the hard thinker is apt to be deficient in sympathy and humour; while the humorist and the man of sentiment are in danger of declining on a hazy and good-natured theory of human progress. But there was nothing in the least indefinite about Jim Stephen. As a statesman, as a lawyer, as a writer, he might have exercised a real and vital power upon the thought and life of the nation. In the broken music of his mind, the poems which are like the wrack thrown up by the sea, he did a very remarkable thing—he produced a kind of humorous poetry which is, I believe, entirely *sui generis*. It follows no master, and it can hardly be imitated. The strength of it lies in a peculiar and almost prosaic directness, a great economy of art, a saying of simple things in a perfectly simple way, and yet all leading up to a climax of humour that is the more impressive because it is so unadorned. Most humorists have made their mark by a redundancy of absurdity, but Jim Stephen's work is all severe and restrained in conception; it never luxuriates or plays the mountebank, but goes as austere to its conclusion as though it were the most serious matter in the world. And then, too, he had the still more unusual gift of treating what might have been almost an abandonment of sentiment in the same dignified strain. The 'Old School List' has to me a poignancy of pathos which makes it a poem that can hardly be read or recollected—I will not say without tears, but without that sense of inner sorrow hardly tolerable to the feeling mind. It is fed from the very *fons lacrimarum*, the desperate grief of dying beauty and fading happiness. The passion of the past, as Tennyson calls it, is a pretty thing enough in sunny gardens, when all is well with us. But in this poem the unsatisfied heart

can but watch its paradise unfold before it, and recede irrevocably from the view.

What was, I think, the most impressive thing about Jim Stephen was this—that one felt oneself in contact, in even the slightest and most trivial conversation, with a mind of the highest order and quality. It was not a poetical mind—his poetry was only a casual by-product of thought; he had nothing of the visionary about him, nothing of that rich suggestiveness, whatever it is, which is the essence of beauty—that power of seeing swift connexions between things apparently contrasted, of bridging gaps of thought, of interpreting one idea in the terms of another, of perceiving and expressing the colour, the curve, the motion, the charm of life. His mind was rather of the severe intellectual type, that saw things distinctly and in due proportion, that grasped wide fields of thought, and cast a sharp just light upon all. No one could detect a logical fallacy more easily, throw a derisive beam into nebulous confusions, or use logic more mercilessly and more ingeniously to substantiate a bias of his own. I have never met anyone who seemed to sail so lightly and yet so surely ahead of the efforts of other minds. It was a kind of instinctive judicial faculty. In a discussion, he could dispose instantly of a pretentious position, while he could emphasise and disentangle a point which another pleader could not make effective. I do not think that he made knowledge or theory wholly attractive. His mind produced, so to speak, plans and elevations of knowledge rather than sketches and pictures of it. But his statement of a case had the charm of perfect order and distinctness, and impressed one with the dignity of exactitude and justice; and it was all lighted up with a profound and caustic humour, which demolished without malice, and operated without wounding. His judgments were not genial, but they were essentially good-humoured.

But with all this he was never either dreary or ponderous. He did not cast a sort of professional blight upon all luxuriance and emotion, nor did he subject the lighter processes of the mind to a kind of elephantine metaphysic. The central quality of his mind did not throw a baleful and doleful glare upon human ineffectiveness. He had not quite the Socratic quality of tender condescension, or the irony that gratifies while it penetrates. But he had a charming lightness of touch, and, as I have said, an almost tender delight in anything youthful and unaffected,

vivacious and gentle. Many of his chosen friends were men of no great intellectual grasp, no ardent visions, but youths in whom the mounting sap and the opening bloom of manhood were just as simply beautiful as the spring foliage of the wayside spinney. With these Jim Stephen was at his best. He had a great simplicity of nature; he had no precocious touch of worldliness, and still less had he any of the superiority of the youthful prig who discounts alike experience and inexperience in the light of his own infallibility. He took people as he found them, and judged them on their own merits and not by comparison with his own. Yet now, looking back, there seems, in spite of all his cheerfulness and lightness of spirit, to have been a shadow over him as of an aim unuttered and unattainable. He seemed to be always looking for something upon which he could not quite put his hand. Perhaps this might have disappeared in the light of ambition and success, even in the ordinary work of the world. But I feel that it was something different that he was seeking. There was a melancholy cadence about his voice, an abashed air about his glance. In his restlessness, his constant desire for something to distract and soothe, there was a lack of the radiant gaiety and certainty of youth. He was neither satisfied nor contented. Not that he complained, or seemed to resent. It was not a backward-looking regret or disappointment, but more like a radical disillusionment, a haunting shadow of vanity. I had other friends in those days whose eclipse has been tragic, others whose promise was cut short by death. Over one of these in particular there was a prescient air of doom which seemed to hold him back from buoyant hopes and plans. But with Jim Stephen it was not thus. There seemed to others to be a certainty of fulfilment about him, a promise of equable development and steady success. It was rather that there lurked in his mind a quiet consciousness of the failure of life to realise its own limitless dreams, which led him to seek relief rather than enjoyment. I think that the love of some wise and devoted woman would have given him much of what he stood most in need; but his soul-malady lay deeper than that, and came from the almost terrible clearness with which he viewed both action and thought.

There is nothing in the world which one would rather know than what the significance of life is and what it leads on to. There is, in some souls at all events, an abiding sense of

permanence, and an intolerable desire to be assured of the continuance of life and individuality. It was this that made Dr. Johnson say, with uncontrollable emotion, that the idea of infinite torment was to him less horrible than the thought of annihilation; in that dreadful uncertainty all lesser certainties are involved. Wealth, fame, friendship, beauty, love are all things that can be resigned; but there is a sense of vital indignity, of incredible injustice, about the possibility that the one certainty—the consciousness of self—may be brought to an end. For men to be as gods, knowing good and evil, is but a torturing privilege, a harrowing mockery, if it is a thing which is at the mercy of fortuitous accidents of matter. The contrast of the stately solidity, the lucid dignity of Stephen's mind, with the treacherous wreck, the lamentable collapse of those noble faculties, is so tragic, so pathetic on the one hand, and on the other so dastardly, so demoniacal, if this stage of life is all that is conceded to us, that the enigma is almost too torturing for thought. One cannot take refuge in an icy resignation; one cannot merely seek to obliterate the shocking comparison, to forget it like an idle tale. For some, at least, such tragedies of life become inevitably the seed of an infinite hope; and if that hope be once conceived, there is no limit to its boundless glories, no horizon to the heavenly scene that it flashes upon the awestruck imagination, no delusion in the secret message that it whispers to the heart.

*THE LOST IPHIGENIA.*¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

'JOHNNY,' said Lady Caroline Pountney, 'I want you to take me down to Warborough House.'

'Oh, I say!' said Johnny.

It was not that he had any solid objection, but the average young man of his set ejaculated 'Oh, I say!' on every opportunity. And Johnny was a very average young man indeed.

'Do, Johnny,' said his godmother, coaxingly. 'Lady Warborough made such a point of my going. And it's so lonely here, in these wretched lodgings. London people are much too busy to spare a moment for an old woman with a sprained knee. I'd go by train, only I'm such a cripple.' She broke off. She saw relenting in Johnny's grey eyes which had never been very obdurate. 'I'll get ready at once,' she exclaimed with alacrity.

'Well, if I must, I must, I suppose.'

Sir John Holdfast resigned himself with perfect equanimity; rose and extended a broad sunburnt hand to assist the lady in her effort to hoist herself out of her chair. He further supported her filially to the door, wondering, as he did so, how anyone afflicted with so much difficulty in locomotion could hanker to find herself in the middle of a distracted crowd. It was fun enough at Warborough if you could roam the garden with a pretty girl; but, to be able to get Lady Caroline from motor to tea-room, and from tea-room back to motor, it was as much as the most sanguine could expect.

'You're a dear boy, Johnny,' said she, 'and I'll leave your wife all my emeralds when I die.'

She turned upon him a rich brown eye with so melting an expression that he thought she was going to kiss him; and he

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precipitately fled, explaining that he would just see if his shover had enough in the tank to tootle them down to Warborough, and that he would be back in a jiffy to help her down the stairs.

But the toilet even of an old woman with a sprained knee is apt to take time—perhaps more time, indeed, than that of agile eighteen. Young Holdfast had disposed of a considerable number of cigarettes; had gazed out upon the passing motors and carriages—quiet Clarges Street in the season has its aristocratic traffic—and, this pastime palling, had betaken himself aimlessly to his godmother's books. He had mastered the sporting page of the 'Times' (sighing the while for a 'Pink 'Un') before that good lady reappeared, radiant in nodding plumes of mauve and rustling silks of the same shade.

Such a toilet inevitably demanded the closing of the car. Johnny resigned himself with the unalterable placidity characteristic of him; and they set off in a humour to match the incomparable June day.

Lady Caroline Pountney loved smart, good-looking young men. She loved Johnny with special affection besides—a childless woman's regard for the only piece of lusty youth that she might consider as belonging to her. As for him—well, the young man was not given to introspection; could hardly be said, indeed, at this twenty-fourth year of his life, to think much more than does a healthy dog. But if his reflections could have been analysed, they would have been found to run in some such guise: 'It's jolly lonely for the poor old girl, after all! And it's worth being stuffed for a bit to see her so awfully bucked up! . . . Daresay she'll hook on to somebody and let me get away. . . . Ripping to-day, under the trees, with a pretty girl—strawberries, cymbals, and all that.'

The car duly wheeled in between the great gardant lions into the cedar avenue, which is the most noted feature of Warborough House park. Sir John Holdfast, the crook of his cane to his lips, gazed contentedly out across the shadows of the avenue upon the golden green spaces beyond. A curve of the road brought them in view of the terraces and of the noble pillared house. It was a vision bright with colour; from the stone vases blazing with geraniums to the delicate tints of dresses and parasols in the shifting crowd, and the subdued glory of the rose-arches against the shaven lawns. A vagrant gust of music caught his ear. He felt an odd stir within him: something like the

tingle of excitement with which his blood was wont to greet the first cry of the hounds on a hunting morn.

Lady Caroline, reminiscing beside him upon her initial garden-party at Warborough, rambled on unheeded :

'I wore white muslin, with a blue sash—So silly, being a brunette, *cerise* was my colour. But my mother would have it. "There is only one dress for a young girl," she used to say, "and that's white muslin with a blue sash." . . . I was just eighteen and quite lovely, dear! When my mother brought me up to Lady Warborough—that was the grandmother of the present man, Johnny—she just took my hand, and looked at my mother and said : "Je vous fais mon compliment!" And Dizzy was standing beside her, and he said : "A Titian . . . dressed by Reynolds!" He did, indeed, Johnny!'

'Oh, I say,' said Sir John, 'what a pretty girl!'

The car had drawn up below the terrace steps; and, over the balustrade a face had looked down upon him as they swept past. He leaned out—the open window was on his side—but the face was gone. A flash of bright eyes, a smile of red, parted, eager lips; a face delicate and pearl-hued, illumined by that smile! Honest Johnny, twenty-four, felt a little giddy as he flung his long legs out of the motor.

'Good gracious, child, what are you gaping at? Aren't you going to help me down?'

There was some difficulty in getting Lady Caroline up the steps to where the hostess stood with her smiling welcome; but Johnny accomplished the task manfully. Lady Warborough, tall, gracious, still youthful enough to be known as young Lady Warborough, in spite of her grown-up daughters, received them both as if the whole entertainment had been planned in their honour. Lady Caroline was an old friend of the family; and Johnny was a cousin—indeed, he was cousin to most people—and something of a favourite besides. She left her post a moment to establish them at the nearest tea-table in the crowded hall.

With all his mind outside on the terrace, pursuing 'that face,' the young man resigned himself to the conscientious feeding of his godmother. When, however, this latter 'hooked on' to one acquaintance after another, and yet maintained a firm grasp upon him, even his enduring serenity began to give way.

'No, Johnny, you must not leave me. My dear boy, you forget I'm a cripple—Yes, Lord Hadersham, wasn't it stupid?

I twisted my knee at the Foreign Office reception, last month.' (As a matter of fact, she had done the deed at Euston Station, but if we are not picturesque in our social talk, where are we?) 'Agonies, agonies!—Only for dear Count d'Eichwald——' (It had not been the Ambassador in question, but a benevolent porter who had picked her up; but let it pass!) 'Yes, dear, I'm here. Isn't it wonderful? My godson brought me down in his car. He insisted . . . You know Sir John Holdfast?—Yes, poor Amy's son; he's got her eyes, hasn't he? . . . Johnny, this is Mrs. Mauprat.—Is your girl here? Yes, do have tea with us. Johnny, bring that chair for Mrs. Mauprat.'

Johnny obeyed, but remained standing as if in absent-mindedness. His eye was upon the open doorway, measuring the distance for flight.

Mrs. Mauprat surveyed him a moment or two with an appraising glance. She was a hard-featured Scotchwoman, the mother of a bevy of unmarried daughters, and possessed a keen scent for eligible young men. While her hard eye roamed over the unconscious youth, her mind revolved. . . . A fine old place in Yorkshire, a castle on the Border, and coal or something in Durham. . . . 'Where is that tiresome child?—I told her to keep within sight!'

'Sit down, Johnny,' said Lady Caroline, anxiously.

Then Mrs. Mauprat spoke: 'Yes, Caroline, I brought my second girl with me.' She looked round, as if expecting to find her at her shoulder. 'Dear me, what can have become of her?—Sir John, you are standing up; tell me, do you see anyone in white muslin with a yellow sash, on the terrace? You could not mistake her: I am positive she is the only girl in white muslin with a yellow sash here.'

'My mother always made me wear white muslin with a blue sash,' began Lady Caroline with much unction. 'The first time I ever came to this place, Dizzy was here. Dizzy was standing just there beside our hostess—he was still Dizzy then . . .'

'Shall I go and look for your daughter?' cried Sir John with such alacrity that the harassed mother turned upon him, first with surprise, and then with a positively melting expression.

'Look for her!' exclaimed Lady Caroline from the midst of her reminiscences, with extreme tartness—'look for a creature he has never seen, in this seething crowd!—My dear Mary—I don't mean it personally, but what a wild-goose chase!'

'He can't mistake her,' said her dear Mary, setting her countenance into lines of rigid firmness.

'No—I can't mistake her,' echoed Johnny with extreme cheerfulness. 'White muslin and a blue sash.'

A scream of 'yellow!' pursued him, just as a successful dive brought him out of range of his godmother's extended hand.

Negotiating the tea-tables and the blocking groups, he reached the garden terrace in safety. . . . 'She can't run after me, poor old girl . . . and I haven't got a sash tied behind, thanks be!' He drew a long breath. 'George, what a stew!'

He made his way towards that point of the terrace where he had seen the laughing face, arrested two or three times by the demure: 'How do you do, Sir John?' of some ballroom partner, or a surprised: 'Hallo, Johnny!' from some polo-field comrade. —It was characteristic that he should be Johnny to all men upon the shortest acquaintance.

The particular corner where the vision had flashed upon him was now occupied by a fat old gentleman and a fat old lady. Johnny caught a scrap of their discourse as he paused to reconnoitre.

'Yes, the pigmies are in the summer-house; but I don't advise you to go all that way to see them, General. I have been, and I can't say I think much of them.'

'No, now, didn't you?'

'No, General—,' firmly. 'They're so very small.'

Johnny ran down the steps without a smile. He had seen a large hat, wreathed with pale roses, beneath him, and plunged across the slope, only to shy away, with a friendly smile, from the eager greeting of a Yorkshire neighbour's daughter. His behaviour was not unlike that of a dog seeking his master in a crowd—off again on a fresh scent, with a wag of the tail and a sniff of renewed energy. He passed the beguilements of the strawberry tents and the clashing appeal of the Hungarians; it was only when he reached the steps of the summer-house and met an amused stream emerging from the contemplation of the pigmies at tea, that he came upon the object of his search.

His honest heart gave a leap—if Johnny had been introspective he might have reflected and drawn conclusions from this singular portent. She was standing somewhat apart from a group of laughing girls.

'No,' she was saying very decidedly, 'I don't want to go and see the poor little wretches. I always thought it very rude to stare at the animals in the Zoo at mealtime.'

Her voice had a full ring that struck John Holdfast as extraordinarily different from any he had ever heard before; and its utterance was so clear and measured as scarcely to seem quite English, though there was no alien accent to be detected. Now that he could contemplate her at his ease, what struck him most about her were the black, straight-drawn brows, which, as she stood, frowning slightly, made almost a bar across the white forehead.

'Oh, but do come, Sarolta!' coaxed a rollicking-looking maiden, whose complexion was not innocent of artifice, and who had an air of assurance that would have graced a drum-major. Johnny knew her well by sight: she was a niece of Lord Warborough—a recent appearance in London—but 'not his sort,' and he had successfully avoided making her acquaintance.

'Billy Morton has promised to meet me up there; and he says he'll make love to one of the little wives. It is killing! The little husband gets blue in the face and jabbars, and wants to stick him with the fruit knife.—It's just too funny!'

'What would the little wife do if you made love to the little husband, Eileen?' cried a companion.

'Oh, you make me sick!' cried Johnny's vision. She turned on her heel and set off by herself across the turf with a rapid free step. He noticed a flutter of primrose ribbon from her waist. Her skirt, too, blown back by the swing of her passage, was he saw of some filmy white stuff, that might well be muslin. Was ever young man so favoured by Fate?

As he strode after her, he was conscious of an increase of that remarkable agitation—mixed exhilaration and something else. Not fear—Johnny had never been afraid—but a shiver in the blood, agreeable rather than otherwise, such as a fellow feels when he is about to meet a sporting danger.

At the sound of his rapid steps behind her she stopped and turned round. Johnny took off his hat.

'I beg your pardon,' he stammered, while the colour rushed hotly to his forehead, 'I have been sent to look for you.'

'Indeed?' A smile came into those luminous eyes that, a moment before, had shot such an unencouraging gleam at sight of his unfamiliar face.

'She told me I could not mistake you . . . that you were the only young lady with a yellow sash and white muslin.'

'Indeed!' The girl lifted a fold of the diaphanous fabric that floated about her. 'Are you sure she did not say *chiffon*? Come now, didn't she?—She called it *shiffong*, I'll daresay. So you thought muslin safer.'

Safer! Could such a word apply to anything connected with this entrancing being? No delightful peril, not even the only steeple-chase he had ever won, had set his pulses quivering like this. He laughed inconsequently.

'*Shiffong*, of course, I should have said.' He corrected himself in all innocence. She laughed—and Johnny was a lost man.

He became so absorbed in a hypnotised contemplation of the dimples at the corner of her square-cut mouth, of the adorable manner in which she contracted her eyes, of even the little wrinkle upon her short nose, that when she unexpectedly grew serious again, and asked him quite sharply: 'Well, what does she want with me?' he was absolutely at a loss for a reply.

'If my aunt sent you after me,' she went on impatiently, 'I suppose she had some message?'

Johnny was on the point of explaining, surprisedly, that he was the ambassador of a mother, not of an aunt, when the whole pitfall of the truth opened before him. He just saved himself from toppling in by an unwonted mental effort. There were, then, at least two yellow sashes at Warborough this afternoon, after all! How, indeed, could he have thought that such a creature as this might be daughter to Mrs. Mauprat? But he was not going to throw away the best piece of luck that had ever come his way for any paltry pandering to veracity.

'I rather think,' he said slowly and solemnly, 'she wanted me to bring you back to tea with her.'

The marked disfavour of the 'Oh!' with which this announcement was received encouraged him to continue.

'Tea,' he repeated with emphasis, 'in the hall over there.—Such a stew as you never felt. And everybody talking together, and standing in each other's way!' His blushes had left him. 'Your aunt,' he went on, 'has got hold of my old godmother—and once they've got you, they'll never let you go; they'll talk and talk and talk till it's time to go.'

'I will not accompany you back to tea,' announced the young lady with great formality and decision.

'I wouldn't,' said the delighted young man.

A mischievous light danced in her eyes.

'You'll explain it very politely,' she hinted. 'Say I have had tea.'

'Oh, I say!'

'What then?'

A bold and brilliant idea flashed upon him.

'Look here, do let me take you for a turn on the lake. Oh, I say, do! It is jolly. There's a ripping canoe.'

She hesitated, glanced towards the house, towards the straggling crowd; and then down the green glade where, between parted bushes starred with bloom, the waters glimmered. Then she gave a quaint nod.

'Hé bien—vogue la galère!'

He had small knowledge of French, but compliance was unmistakable. He helped her into the canoe; she laughed to feel into what a fragile bark she was trusting herself; and she had a little approving smile to note his balance, and the mastery of his hand as he wielded the paddle and pushed off.

Both were silent for a while. He brought her jealously away towards the extremity of the lake into a solitude of still waters, patched with dreaming lilies, bordered with overhanging willows, mirroring a glorious sky. She leant her chin on her clasped hands, and looked out across Johnny into some distance far beyond the lake horizon—her eyes dark with thought. Johnny looked at her. She did not seem to mind that. Indeed, it would have required ultra-sensitiveness to find objection in a gaze at once so guileless and so earnest.

Johnny was actually thinking hard—wondering who she might be, whence she had come. . . . Vaguely he knew that her speech was different from that of his compatriots. . . . She seemed on intimate terms with the Warborough set, if one might judge by the tone of the conversation outside the summer-house. . . . How was it that he had never seen her before?

He was making up for lost time now—noting every detail of those pretty looks that had ravished him at first glance. Beauty it might not have seemed to another. But the most critical could hardly have denied the arresting charm of the girl's

face; its singular vividness of expression; its unusual combination of refinement and vigour.

'A penny for your thoughts,' he said at last.

She started a little; frowned a little and then smiled.

'What would you do with them if you had them, I wonder?'

Her tone was not in the least coquettish—rather patronising, such as the schoolgirl might use towards the schoolboy.

'I'd—oh, I'd be pleased, and honoured, you know—and I'd——' What the dickens was a fellow to say to such a question? Then he beamed all over his good young face. 'I'd take awful care of them, you know,' he said upon a humorous inspiration.

She nodded at him, amusedly.

'I'm sure you would—wrap them up in tissue-paper, perhaps.—But you wouldn't understand them.'

'Try me!' he cried eagerly.

She shook her head.

'No, no. There's a poem I read once that says our thoughts are birds that come and go. Mine are wild-birds—they fly where they like. Why, if I tried to catch one and give it to you, it would slip through my fingers and be gone, so far, so far!' At her sudden wild gesture the canoe rocked. 'Above all,' she exclaimed in pretended alarm, 'do not throw me into the water. If you threw me into the water you would not know what you were murdering.'

'Shouldn't I, just?' he exclaimed with heat, and then sagely added: 'I'd pick you out all right.'

'No,' she said, with a provoking look, 'that's just what you might not be able to do. Oh, you might save my body, right enough, but not my soul! . . . Now, I've puzzled you. Take me back to the shore, at once. My soul is too precious to be risked in a cockle-shell that rocks if one moves one's hands. Take me back!' she repeated imperiously; and those eyes of indefinable colour, that seemed dark and light as her mood varied, shot fire upon him now.

The canoe rocked indeed as he drew it to the shore and she stood up to spring out. He was not sorry for this, because he had to clasp her hand so closely; and even, at one moment, to fling an arm about her.

'Thank you,' she said briefly. 'It has been nice—and not too long to be spoilt!' She shook out her misty skirt, glanced

down at a lichen stain, shrugged her shoulders; and, one foot poised on flight, gazed back at him.

'I don't even know your name,' she said.

He lifted his hat:

'I am Sir John Holdfast.'

Then her sudden laugh broke out again. 'Holdfast?' she repeated, as if the name were a joke.

With that she was gone from him, running like a nymph up the slope, leaving the echo of her laughter behind her. His impulse was to run in pursuit; but the habit of convention, a certain inarticulate sense of chivalry, arrested him. He went quickly enough after her, however, determined not to lose sight of the flutter of white and yellow. The flush which her mirth had called to his cheek still burned there.

JOHNNY lost all trace of his lady at last in the conflicting stream of terrace and garden; but, conjecturing that under the impression he had mendaciously conveyed, she would be likely to seek her chaperon in the tea-room, he proceeded thither himself at a more sober gait.

Here, unfortunately, he was arrested. A nodding plume of lilac feathers became violently agitated, and Lady Caroline's piercing tones hailed him in accents of bitter reproach.

'Johnny, Johnny, Johnny—oh, Johnny!'

A score of amused faces turned in his direction; it was useless for the poor young man to pretend unconsciousness: almost everyone here knew who 'Johnny' was.

'Hallo, Johnny,' cried one of Lady Warborough's sons-in-law, 'what have you been up to now?'

'Yes, indeed!' echoed his terrible godmother. She was reproachful, yet had lost nothing of her good-humour. 'What has he been doing? Just look at his blushes!—Please bring him over to me, Mr. Penrhyn. You know I'm responsible for his moral welfare.'

Society at play is very lightly entertained. Johnny found himself the easy butt of an easy wit. David Penrhyn duly propelled him towards the table where the lame lady was still installed; and he seemed to consider the proceedings worth an immense amount of laughter.

'Sit down, Johnny,' said Lady Caroline in resistless tones

of command. 'You've got to take me away in ten minutes, and out of my sight again you do not budge.'

Johnny mopped his brow and cast a distraught eye about him. A blue frock, a green frock, a garment all over zigzags, another all stripes. Not a sign of the white chiffon with the yellow ribbon. He could have groaned aloud.

'Dear me, how odd you look!' commented his tormentor. 'Mary Mauprat went off in a towering huff. Of course, you did not even look for her wild goose. Barndoor goose were a great deal nearer the mark. I never saw such a plain girl in my days! Image of poor Mary!'

'I beg your pardon,' said he vaguely.—Was there not a primrose glimmer yonder? Surely yes! He sprang to his feet.

'Good gracious!' began Lady Caroline testily, then broke off: her hostess was approaching. She was resting one hand on the shoulder of a slender white-clad girl and smiling down at her as she came; and the girl was smiling back from under the shadow of a large rose-wreathed hat.

'Help me up,' said Lady Caroline. 'I may as well say good-bye now.' And while an effusive farewell took place between the ladies, Johnny had yet one more delirious moment with her whom he only knew as Sarolta.

'You mustn't stop me,' she said to him. 'I haven't found my aunt yet.'

'Oh, I say, let me help you.—What is she like?'

The girl stared, and Johnny, realising his slip, felt himself grow purple. She held him a moment severely under her gaze; the pupils of her strange eyes seemed to darken and brighten under conflicting thoughts. Then, all at once, the compressed lips broke into laughter. Yet, even as she laughed, her movement away from him had a determined finality.

'No, no, 'pon honour!' he exclaimed, in a wild desire to retain her. 'It was a true bill, I give you my word. I was sent to look for some one with a yellow sash. 'Pon honour!'

While she paused again, not unkindly, her gaze wandered uninterestedly beyond him, then lit up:

'Ah, there she is!'

With that unexpected quickness of hers, she had darted from his side as she spoke; and he now saw her seize hold of a stout woman whose back was towards them, and heard her cry, 'At last!'

The back view of Miss Sarolta's aunt was large and shinily clad. The front view, which was immediately presented, caused the young man a sharp sense of surprise and disillusion. From the crown of her black head to the point of her toe-capped boot, his vision's 'aunt' was unmistakably Jewish, unmistakably 'not a lady'; more, she was aggressively vulgar. How had she come to be included among Lady Warborough's guests? How, in the name of heaven, could there be any connexion between her and Sarolta? But the check was momentary. Johnny recovered himself: what did it matter? Sarolta might have forty aunts in iridescent beadings, with shiny ringlets bobbing above drooping noses, she would still be, what she was—incomparable. He would be introduced to the aunt of Sarolta.

As he came up to them he was aware that they were talking rapidly together, in odd guttural sounds that surely did not belong to French; nor, he thought, to German.

Upon this bashfully uttered request, the girl, with perfect unconcern, performed the desired ceremony.

'*Täntchen*, this is Sir John Holdfast—Mrs. Mosenthal.'

A fat kid-gloved hand was instantly offered, which he shook with a cordiality increased by the knowledge of some quizzical eyes about him.

'Lovely, here, ain't it?' said the lady, meltingly.

The subsequent observation anent 'the Marchioness of Warborough' was interrupted by the advance of that personage herself.

'I am sorry to say, Johnny, that Lady Caroline is going. You will find her at the head of the steps.'

Sir John hesitated. A wild idea of offering seats in his car to Sarolta and the . . . lady was struggling in his mind, when that person fortunately spoke.

'Well, I'll have to be trotting myself, I suppose. Good-bye, Marchioness; good-bye, Sarolta.'

'Aren't you going back with your aunt?' asked Sir John, disappointedly.

'No, indeed,' said Lady Warborough, taking the girl's hand, and slipping it within her arm. 'We are keeping Sarolta.—We are going to have a great treat to-night, I assure you, Mrs. Mosenthal.'

'Well, and I think you will, your ladyship.'

Mrs. Mosenthal delivered herself doughtily, almost with a kind of defiance in her voice. Johnny was bewildered. Elementary

humanity forbade him leave his lame old godmother one moment longer unattended. Moreover, he was obviously dismissed. There was farewell in Lady Warborough's smile, and a certain air about the little group of having private matters to discuss. Yet he could not forgo lingering for yet another word :

' Shall I never see you again?' he said in Sarolta's ear.

She looked at him vaguely. Then :

' I really don't know,' she said, with a laugh. But to this cruel phrase added another—' Who knows? Are you going to Mrs. Morton's concert next week? I shall be there.'

He had not the slightest acquaintance with Mrs. Morton; but he answered bravely that he would ' turn up '—and registered the vow, as he hurried back to his neglected duty, that no power on earth would keep him from that promised place of meeting.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. JAMES MORTON, the handsome ambitious wife of the city magnate—whose father's name, it was whispered, had been Mordecai—gave handsome ambitious parties, which, winnowed year by year, had, moreover, become very select entertainments indeed. Mrs. Morton had wisely fixed upon music as the best medium for attaining social success; and her concerts were reckoned among the season's events.

Music was not in Sir John Holdfast's line; and though, from April to the end of July, cards for dances were showered upon him thick as Vallombrosa leaves, nobody had ever dreamed of sending him a card for the big mansion in Carlton House Terrace. He had no difficulty, however, in obtaining the desired invitation. Young men in Sir John Holdfast's position rarely find any London door closed to them which they wish open.

He hardly knew himself during the intervening few days that separated him from the moment when he was to see her again. His dreams were haunted by her face; his waking moments were spent in futile endeavours to obtain information about her.

' I say,' he would ask the most *répandus* youths of his acquaintance, ' have you ever come across any girl called Sarolta?—No end of a pretty girl,' he would add in an off-hand manner that was belied by the earnestness of his gaze. ' Eyebrows that meet nearly right across, don't you know.'

Some were serious, and some jocular, but none of assistance. 'Might be Russian,' opined the F.O. young man, in virtue of his superior knowledge of languages.

'Don't have anything to do with her, Johnny, my boy,' warned an experienced Coldstreamer. 'Eyebrows right across?—devil of a jealous creature!'

'Hallo,' cried a third, sympathetically, 'badly hit, old man?' This was an Eton comrade and a particular crony.

So Johnny dropped his indifferent air, and tapped himself ruefully over the region of the heart.

'In the bull's-eye!' he groaned.

He was almost the first guest to arrive at Mrs. Morton's; and vaguely holding the Japanese-vellum programme pressed upon him by a powdered footman, promptly ensconced himself in a coign of vantage to watch each arrival.

Many he knew—among them Lady Warborough, who swept in with the Royal group. There were a number of pretty married women. There were some young men of the type he had himself generally avoided: distinguished *dilettanti*, who wore ties of which Johnny did not approve, and their hair in what he called ringlets—which meant half an inch longer than his own thick close-shorn locks. There were at least three ambassadors and their wives; mindful of the F.O. youth's dictum, Johnny watched eagerly to see if any of these dignitaries should be followed by the light lithe figure that had taken possession of his thoughts. But vainly. There were, indeed, very few girls present.

After a while, to his disgust, he found himself obliged to enter the music-room and take a chair: Mrs. Morton never had more guests than she could seat in comfort. He was imprisoned between two strangers, and the music began.

Nearly every place was occupied, yet there was no sign of her. Had she only been mocking him? Had she changed her mind at the last moment? Was she, perhaps, ill? If he only could even get near Lady Warborough . . . but she was at the top of the room, beside the Princess. And, even when the first piece was over, Johnny found that you were not expected to move. He looked disconsolately at his programme: there were names upon it which (had he only known) ought to have made him consider himself privileged indeed.

Vaguely he surmised that the fat, pale-faced man, who played

such a long tiresome affair on the violin, must be 'an awful swell at it.' This other, too, who bounded on to the platform and looked round with fierce eyes, curling a truculent moustache, before opening what Johnny thought the biggest mouth he had ever seen, was probably a no less distinguished personage; for he heard a murmur run round the decorous room, and when the song was finished, at least ten people in his vicinity remarked: 'Divine!'

Johnny, in a deeper depression of spirits than he had ever known in his prosperous existence, tired of craning his neck towards the rose-wreathed doorway, wearily counted the remaining 'turns' he would have to sit through before he could escape.

One more from the violinist; two more from the celebrated tenor; then a *quatuor d'instruments anciens*—whatever that might mean. And then, divided by what was apparently a pause, a Miss Vaneek was to sing three songs—'The little birch tree,' 'Oh, my heart,' and 'How do you know?' by Sir Arnold Pringle, accompanied by the composer. . . . The names meant nothing to him but further boredom. Well, he would steal away in that pause. . . . No, he wouldn't, not while there was a soul left in the room; not while there was the ghost of a chance of Sarolta walking in!

Some people did evaporate: Royalty having retired to supper with a dozen distinguished intimates, among whom, of course, Lady Isleworth. Meanwhile the commoner herd—if such a word could apply to Mrs. Morton's rigid selection of guests—partook of elaborate refreshments downstairs.

Johnny went with the rest, but was too cross to eat.

'Have you heard the new singer?' some one said near him, as he drank that glass of soda-water which was all his injured feeling could condescend to.

'I hate new singers,' said the man addressed, who was, though Johnny did not know this, the most distinguished musical critic of the day. 'I should be off now, only I positively daren't. Lady Warborough would never forgive me.'

'She's bringing her forward, isn't she?' said the interested lady, helping herself to a quail.

'She is—and two or three others. Oh, don't let's talk about it! I know what it will be. I'm sorry for Mrs. Morton—'pon honour I am—to have to give us such a dessert after the divine Barolo. Fact is, she had a crucial disappointment tonight—she expected Lothnar.'

'Lothnar!' ejaculated the lady, in the awed tones of the lion-huntress, pronouncing the name of an unattainable celebrity. 'You don't say so: Lothnar! How could she get him? I thought he went nowhere.'

'She didn't, you see,' grinned the other. 'There was a talk of his coming to London, and Costanza promised to try and bring him. Old Mordecai—beg pardon, Mr. Morton—was ready with a thumping cheque towards those Frankheim schemes. It wouldn't have been bad business for Lothnar—but he never came over after all. Changed his plans at the last moment. Poor Mrs. Morton had to fall back on Lady Warborough and Royalty, and that entailed Lady Warborough's *protégée*. D'you see? That is how it is done. She daren't refuse, you know. Rather a brilliant idea, though, having supper in between. Puts one in good humour. Have some more fizz?'

'Oh, but Lothnar, Lothnar! To think that he might have been here!' sighed she. 'Do you know, Mr. Christie, I positively made three pilgrimages to Frankheim to try and meet him; but it was all in vain. He lives shut up in that old house for months at a time. And every gate in the park is double-locked. And the gatekeepers—oh, the gatekeepers!'

'He's a rum devil,' mused Mr. Christie.

Johnny went back to his seat, wondering who on earth this rum devil was and why anyone should be so anxious to meet him. Almost every hope of Sarolta's belated arrival had left him; but he was doggedly resolved to depart only with the last guest. If he met her again—he must meet her again—he would be able to tell her that he at least had been faithful.

He saw Royalty reappear, benevolent and expectant; saw how Lady Warborough was again summoned to take her place at its side, and how animatedly they were conversing. Then, all at once, in the doorway by which the artists entered upon the platform, he had a momentary vision of a countenance that was—yes, unmistakably—that of Mrs. Mosenthal! His heart leaped; he stared amazed, almost painfully expectant. A lank young man ran up to the piano, spread some music sheets; and then ushered towards the keyboard a smiling, dapper individual, with grizzled hair, red face, and pointed moustache, who looked far more like a retired cavalry officer than anyone even remotely connected with music. This was, of course, Sir Arnold Pringle. He bowed genially, sat down, and the next moment it was Sarolta

who walked quietly out of the inner room to the platform and stood facing them all—Sarloa herself.

She was in white. Her dusky hair was tied back with black ribbon into a kind of girlish knot. She seemed even younger than at Warborough House, and very pale. A sort of dimness came over Johnny's sight; when it cleared, he saw that her lips were trembling.

The man at the piano struck a chord and looked at her over his shoulder. She looked back at him and nodded. And then Johnny became aware that her hands, hanging down in front of her, were tightly clasped, and that in spite of that they were trembling too.

'She's frightened!' he said to himself. And only at that moment, so taken aback had he been by the unexpected apparition, did he realise that Sarloa was the Miss Vaneck of the programme, Lady Warborough's new singer.

There is no denying the fact that it was a shock to Johnny. The connexion with Mrs. Mosenthal, their presence at Warborough House, all was now explained. His nymph, his divinity was just a girl with a voice, who was going to sing for her living!

But the next moment a high clear note, something birdlike and sweet and piercing, rang out into the room; and Johnny was mentally down on his knees, asking pardon for that first and single instant of wavering.

When the song was finished there was a moment's silence, and then the faint applause which was all that the presence of Royalty admitted. Johnny saw Lady Warborough turn a flushed face towards the exalted lady beside her. The exalted lady was nodding quite urbanely. But two rows in front of him the man who had spoken in the supper-room was shaking his head. And 'for two pins' (Sir John Holdfast told himself) he would have knocked it off his shoulders!

She began another song. This time the pure tones quivered. She was indeed frightened, poor child, delicate, lovely creature, standing up there before them all, piping for their pleasure, all her hopes in life evidently hanging upon their approval!

Just in his own line of vision Johnny beheld the anæmic countenance of one of those youths whose artistic neckwear he condemned gazing up at the platform. He noted the expression of rapt admiration, mingled with an odious condescension. Admiration (as with unwonted swiftness of perception Johnny

saw) for the young fresh beauty; condescension for the immature singer. A sudden fury leaped in his breast. If he had wanted to assault him who had shaken a disapproving head he wanted badly to murder the owner of the eyes that leered, appraised, and patronised.

'It's no life for her!' he cried to himself, with a rush of tenderness, wrath, and chivalrous disgust. And the next moment all the turmoil of the last days crystallised itself into a passionate determination. 'It shall be no life for her. I'll take her out of it!'

The audience, led this time by the good-natured Princess, applauded with a little more enthusiasm; and Sarolta gathered sufficient courage to give the last song without that pathetic uncertainty that had gone to John Holdfast's heart.

'She sings like a thrush,' he thought.

He sat on a moment or two, unconscious of the movement around him, in a condition which he himself would have described as 'struck silly,' until he realised that the place was emptying, and that the one purpose of his presence here was unaccomplished. He rose in a great hurry and went boldly up the length of the room towards that inner chamber into which the musicians had disappeared.

He stopped a moment on the threshold, the glance of his grey eyes flying unerringly to Sarolta, who stood the centre of a group. Her cheeks were flushed. He had thought her beauty enhanced by her usual pallor; now, thus incarnadined, it seemed to him adorned as if by jewels.

As he stared he became conscious that many eyes were fixed on him. Those of his hostess severely; of Lady Warborough with a smile; and of Princess Wilhelm with curiosity through her uplifted eyeglass. Sir Arnold Pringle had a shocked expression, and Johnny was vaguely conscious that from a retired corner Mrs. Mosenthal was gazing doubtfully upon him. But Sarolta looked at him not at all; and he could spare no thought to anyone else.

'Why, it's Johnny!' said Lady Warborough, in a tone which matched her smile. 'Sir John Holdfast, ma'am; may I present him?'

'Certainly,' said the Royal lady, very benevolently.

Mrs. Morton's countenance cleared as if by magic. Here, then, was no hare-brained young man, audaciously breaking rules

of etiquette in thrusting himself into the inner circle. Here was one whom Lady Warborough called Johnny, one whose more formal title called forth a greeting of special blandness from a Royal Highness.

'You have come to congratulate the little singer,' said the latter with a perceptible guttural accent. 'I was just telling Lady Warborough: wonderful, quite wonderful, in one so young—and beautifully trained.'

The look which accompanied these words included all concerned with practised urbanity.

'It was awfully jolly,' said Johnny.

Her Highness smiled more broadly at this; then advanced a step with the unmistakable movement of departure. There was an instant flutter; Lady Warborough, Sir Arnold, Mrs. Morton gathered about the august one; a small, eager, black, hook-nosed man sprang forward from the outer room, summoned as if by magic by his wife's imperious gesture, to proffer his escort. As the cortège moved away the Princess nodded pleasant farewell to Sarolta. Johnny drew an audible breath of relief on finding the coast clear.

'Oh, I say,' said he, coming up to Sarolta, 'you were stunning, you know!'

She gave a little start, and regarded him as out of some very far-off entrancing dream. Then he saw, with a stab at his honest heart, that for a moment she did not recognise him.

'I am glad you like it,' she said formally: stereotyped answer to the expected compliment.

But even as she spoke her face lit up. Johnny felt, without analysing, the fascination with which light and shadow alternated on her countenance.

'So it's you!' she exclaimed.

'Yes, it's me,' he responded in his special language, and thought that upon this he might shake hands.

He took her fingers; wondered to find them ice-cold; held them.

'You never told me——' he began, but his moment was gone; a loud excited voice clamoured for attention:

'Sarolta! Here she is, madame!' And Mrs. Mosenthal laid her hot clasp upon her niece's arm.

'Sarolta, Sarolta—here's Madame Costanza.'

A magnificent being, in pearl-coloured satin, conveying as she

advanced the impression of a ship in full sail, pushed the Hebraic lady on one side, and took the girl bodily into her embrace. Two kisses resounded like pistol shots. Still holding her then by the shoulders she gazed into Sarolta's face with a pair of gorgeous hawk-like eyes.

'You are a treasure! A mine of gold!' she cried in rich tones.

Sarolta had turned very pale. The glance she lifted was full of awe and ecstasy. Johnny saw that she was trembling again, and wondered who this explosive Panjandrum might be who seemed to produce so much greater an impression on the singer than had a Queen's daughter.

'Yes, my child,' went on the lady. 'You don't know how to sing, of course, no—not for nuts, as you say in England. You don't know how to breathe. Above all, you do not know how to attack the note, *poverina*. You don't know how to phrase. Your voice is not even placed to begin with. It is execrable. You have already a thousand tricks. *Mais ça ne fait rien . . . macht nichts*. . . . The gold is there—a treasure!'

At the first words of this ruthless criticism Sarolta had winced as if the large jewelled hand that gripped her shoulder had struck her in the face. From pale she grew a painful scarlet, and tears of intense mortification sprang to her eyes; she set her teeth not to shed them. But she was angry too. Behind those unshed tears her eyes flashed, and the level brows were drawn so fiercely as nearly to meet. Nevertheless, as the other rattled on, and appreciation succeeded condemnation, Miss Vaneck's expressive face lost its tense indignation, and quivered into bewilderment. And Madame Costanza proceeded as if these signs of emotion were quite outside her notice. There was no unkindness, though, in the keen glance that saw all—only a genial if determined purpose. She bore down an apologetic attempt at interruption on the part of Mrs. Mosenthal.

'And to think how little I expected such a discovery! These great ladies, with their new singers, *ça me connaît!* They pick a linnet out of a hedge and call it a nightingale; set it twittering and swoon with rapture . . . till the next linnet hops up!' She broke off, drew back, and flung out her forefinger. 'Who has been teaching you?' she inquired, with an acute change of tone.

Obsequiously Mrs. Mosenthal answered, before Sarolta's trembling lips could articulate speech:

'The Marchioness of Warborough was having her taught by Sir Arnold Pringle, Madame Costanza.'

'Sir Arnold!' repeated madame. 'Ah!' The long drawn-out note held a world of significance. 'And that was why you were trotted out to sing "The little birch tree" and "Oh, oh, oh, my heart!" Tell me, child, do you want to go on with that kind of thing? Have you no better prospect than to be the little pipe for the little tunes of a Pringle? Oh, you might get an engagement now and again at a ballad concert and at teas in Mayfair, and make perhaps—perhaps fifty guineas a year . . . at the height of your fame! That is your ambition, *hein*? And never to know any better than to run up to your note, like a sailor up a rope, quite pleased to get there after all, *hein*? Is that your idea of Art?'

'No,' cried Sarolta.

She wrenched herself from the hand that emphasised each cutting question with a gentle shake. Johnny saw how her breast heaved with the sobs she would not utter. For the third time that day he felt murderously inclined. But Mrs. Mosenthal came to the rescue with volubility. She could not say that she herself had been satisfied. But what was to be done? Her poor Anton—a great artist, if ever there had been one, as Madame knew, had never had much opinion of Sir Arnold. And, indeed, the children had made great fun of those songs. . . . But he was fashionable, and the Marchioness had been very kind, and it seemed a chance for the child. And——

Once more Madame Costanza brushed her out of the way as if she had been a buzzing fly. 'Answer you,' she said to Sarolta. 'Will you begin again? Will you begin again with me? I will make of you what I know you can be.'

Sarolta leaned forward with parted lips. All her wrath and humiliation seemed to have passed from her. She was hanging on the other's speech as if it held life or death.

'I will make of you,' said the great one slowly, 'an opera singer . . . of the first order.'

'Oh!' cried the girl.

'There, Sarolta!' It seemed as if Mrs. Mosenthal, too, were hardly able to contain herself with the joy which this prospect offered. She began to weep between broken phrases, in which the late Anton's theories and Lady Warborough's aristocratic and absurd prejudice against the stage were comically jumbled.

Johnny felt his blood run cold. It was bad enough to have her set up to amuse a fashionable party; but Sarolta an opera singer!

'Well, *ma petite*,' Madame Costanza pursued, 'it only means unlearning and beginning again. But you're young. Bah! what is that? You understand. I take you to myself?'

She drew back as she spoke, reared her majestic figure, and placed that expressive forefinger in the centre of her chest. The hawk eyes demanded, 'What do you say to such an opportunity?'

'Yes,' she proceeded in a breathless silence, 'I, I, Costanza, I take you. You come to Paris. I ask you no fees. I ask you nothing but to be a good child and do as you're told. And if you're not the best Isolde I ever launched, may I never train an opera singer again.'

Johnny listened with a sinking heart, his mouth dropping open in dismay. He felt as if he were looking on at a play, as he saw the girl seize Madame Costanza's outstretched hands and press them to her lips; while Mrs. Mosenthal, her head inclined at an intense angle of sentimental rapture, clapped her fat palms and exclaimed incoherently:

'Well, Sarolta, of all the lucky! Of course she can go to Paris, madame. There ain't any difficulty about that. I'll go with you myself, love. No difficulty about that. I don't care what anyone says, 'pon my word.'

'*Allons, allons!*' cried the superb Costanza impatiently, but with good humour. 'It is settled then? I carry you off for an hour, *petite*. At the hotel we can talk. I leave to-morrow morning for Paris—the first boat. Oh, là, là! those boats! You can come with us now also, madame, if you like. I will send you both home in my taxi.'

She caught Sarolta's willing hand and tucked it under her stalwart arm. Then, followed by Mrs. Mosenthal, she rushed the girl with hurricane swiftness out of the door.

Johnny stood forlornly gazing after them. She had not as much as glanced back. She had forgotten his very existence!

Lady Warborough, returned from escorting the Princess to the hall, came in upon his solitude, and the expectant smile upon her face vanished.

'Where are they all?' she asked.

'They're gone,' said he, 'if you mean Sarolta—I mean Miss Vaneck.'

She was too much struck by the matter of his statement to pay attention to the manner of it.

'Gone?' she echoed, frowning.

'Yes—fat Frenchwoman' (most foreigners were French to English Johnny) 'carried her off. . . . She is going to teach Sarolta singing—I mean Miss Vaneck.'

'Teach Sarolta singing? But . . . but she has been taught. I've had her taught. Good gracious, Johnny, what's the meaning——?'

'Fat Frenchwoman said that was all wrong,' explained Johnny with sullen air.

'Upon my word,' said Lady Warborough. The colour rose in her delicate face. Then the humorous side of the situation seemed to strike her. She laughed satirically.

'And where do I come in, I wonder?' she said.

Johnny, as he marched back to his chambers through the empty streets, repeated the question forlornly; and forlornly answered himself:

'And where do you come in, John Holdfast? You juggins, you don't come in at all!'

CHAPTER III.

THE crest of the Holdfasts was a 'cubit arm,' with a clenched fist; and their motto ran in similar canting manner, 'Holde Faste.' A legend was, of course, current in the family. But *without entering into the question of its authenticity* there was no doubt that they were an obstinate race, who, from one generation to another, *thoroughly upheld* the imposed tradition. Johnny, the last in the direct line of that sturdy stock, had certainly no idea of *modelling his thought and deeds upon any conventional standard*. Yet, in his modern way, he was no less stubborn than the far-off ancestor who *had won name and preferment* by the sheer strength of his grip in holding his Northumbrian castle for Plantagenet. From the time of his *childhood it went characteristically* against nature with him to give up anything once he had laid hold of it. On the other hand, *his desires were few, so that he passed among comrades* as an 'easy-going, good-natured chap.' He let himself drift, very much in the ordinary way of *wholesome young men*, between an overwhelming amount of sport and a reasonable amount of

frivolity. But his intimates gradually learned that his 'Yea' was yea indeed, and his 'Nay' nay. So that a certain respect mingled with the jovial regard he was wont to inspire, and the 'thorough good sort' verdict universally passed upon him had a truer meaning than is usually the case with such commonplace praise.

For three days after his disappointing evening Johnny moped about in a dissatisfied way very new to him. He went to a couple of balls and to some races, and derived about as much pleasure from them as an acutely dyspeptic man from a series of good dishes. Other fellows' jokes could not produce a smile; the company and conversation of the girls he generally liked were almost more than a bore. He could not muster a stir of enthusiasm for the best race of the day. He dropped his cigars half-finished, and turned from champagne to whisky and soda.

On the morning of the third day, however, he awoke and found a certain decision formed in his mind before which the clouds melted away, and life stretched once more cheerfully in front of him. He whistled over his dressing, partook of an excellent lunch at the club, and at the earliest conventional visiting hour presented himself at Lady Warborough's house in Belgrave Square.

He was received by that charming woman with her usual affability, but upon the immediate exposition of his purpose a shade of stiffness, not unaccompanied by doubt, came over her.

'Miss Vaneck's address? She's left London.' Then the lady added in a reserved tone that cloaked unspoken disapprobation, 'I'm not likely to hear any more of her, Johnny. She has placed herself entirely in Madame Costanza's hands.'

'Fat Frenchwoman!' commented Johnny thoughtfully.

'She is large certainly,' said the other, smiling. 'But not French—Austrian, I fancy. Anyhow, she is the great operatic trainer, and I understand that Miss Vaneck has been led to look upon herself now as a rising operatic star.'

'Oh, I say!' said Johnny in a non-committal way. He was sharp enough to notice the underlying streak of bitterness in Lady Warborough's well-bred tones. But her information was scarcely news to him. He had gathered as much in Mrs. Morton's Rose-du-Barry anteroom on the fateful night.

'My sister and I,' said Lady Warborough, 'had made ourselves responsible for the child's training. My sister, Selina

Dorien, you know, first came across her, through Mosenthal, Augusta's violin master. Sarolta was some kind of relation of his, a distant one—in fact, I believe Mosenthal's mother and hers were cousins, both Poles. I don't know what her father was. But she was left destitute, and they took her in, and brought her up with their own brood. Extraordinarily charitable these artists are! Mrs. Mosenthal had a dozen of her own already.'

'Mrs. Mosenthal,' echoed Johnny, profoundly attentive. 'That's the Jew aunt!'

'I suppose they are Jews,' said Lady Warborough indifferently. 'Not Sarolta though. Poor Professor Mosenthal was very proud of that strain of Polish blood, I believe. Well, my sister used to have her to sing with Augusta. And when Mosenthal died we decided to come forward and help them. We did everything for Sarolta—she was quite a pet of mine.' Lady Warborough paused, swallowed down a rising bitter phrase, and proceeded with a return of her chilly detached air. 'Mrs. Mosenthal is taking a great responsibility. I am afraid she is dazzled by the idea of a second Melba and millions, of which she will have her share. Sarolta is much too pretty, much too fragile, and I must add, I fear, much too headstrong, poor child, for such a life.'

'A jolly rotten lot, I suppose,' Johnny chimed in, trying to conceal the agitation into which these words threw him.

'Of course, Selina and I never dreamed, never would have permitted anything but concert singing for her. It's just what she is fit for, in my opinion, and indeed in Sir Arnold's—and so we told her. I sent for Sir Arnold—poor man, he was much annoyed, and no wonder. But we might as well have talked to the wall. Sarolta came here, I must tell you, ostensibly to ask my leave for her new career, but really to inform me of her intentions. Anything more determined—backed up by Mrs. Mosenthal, of course—well, one must not expect gratitude! To think,' added Lady Warborough musingly, 'that I actually contrived—oh, my dear Johnny, after endless difficulty—in arranging such a splendid début for her, only to this end!—Well, well, I must not think any more about her. I am done with her.'

'But I'm not,' said Johnny to himself. 'I suppose,' he said aloud, 'she's got her in a school, or an academy—whatever they call it over there, in Paris, this Madame—— fat Frenchwoman?'

'No doubt she attends her classes,' Lady Warborough answered wearily.

She had made her complaint; and, after all, the subject did not warrant prolonged discussion. A new aspect of it, however, seemed to strike her: she gave Johnny a searching look from limpid grey eyes:

'You take an extraordinary interest in Miss Vaneck, young man. Where have you known her, may I ask, and how long?'

Johnny blushed; but he boldly returned the lady's quizzical glance.

'I do take an interest in her,' he said, neglecting the questions. 'The fact is——' He hesitated. His companion's gaze was becoming more amused and less disapproving: Lady Warborough had successfully married all her daughters.

'I say,' he proceeded lumberingly, 'you will think me no end of a fool, Cousin Vera, but the fact is I have never seen anyone I liked in that way before. And I know I never shall again. I want to marry Miss Vaneck.'

'Good heavens!' she ejaculated, startled out of her composure.

'Seems jolly quick, I know, and all that,' he went on, 'but I've got to do things in a bit of a hurry now, haven't I, to keep them from putting her on the stage?'

'You can take a little time for reflection,' said the other with gentle irony. 'She won't appear this season, you know—nor for many seasons to come. My dear Johnny——!' Laughter overcame her. Then, contemplating his serious countenance, she strove for gravity. 'How old are you, may I ask? You were of age last year or so, weren't you?'

'I am twenty-four,' said Sir John Holdfast firmly.

'Dear me!' said Lady Warborough. 'And I understand you to say this is your first love. Well, Johnny, my advice is: wait for your third.'

'That nice boy,' she was thinking, 'he has not got a mother, or a sister, or anyone to protect him.' She was silent, revolving the situation.

'Thank you awfully,' said Johnny irrelevantly, rising and holding out his hand. 'I'll have to be off now; I'm afraid I've been a bore.'

'Wait a minute,' said she, retaining his hand in hers. 'Warborough and I have been planning a cruise in the yacht—ending

up with Cowes, you know. Won't you join us, Johnny? Warborough will be delighted.'

Johnny pumped her hand up and down.

'It's awfully good of you,' he said gratefully. 'Afraid I can't, though. I'm going to Paris, Cousin Vera,' he went on, his bold clear eyes defying the scarlet on his brow. 'I say, would you mind giving me the Jew lady's address?'

'Certainly I should mind!'

Lady Warborough's cheeks were flushed too. She was holding herself very erect, and she had dropped Johnny's fingers.

'Oh, well, it does not matter—she's in Paris, anyhow! I'll run that Madame Costanza down in a jiffy, I expect.'

He went to the door, paused to look back with a good smile, just to show he bore no malice, and departed in evident high spirits.

'That nice boy—that nice boy! What a pity!' repeated the great lady to herself, staring regretfully at the closed door.

(To be continued.)



AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

WITH this number of the Magazine is given "the first of a series of 'Examination Papers' on the works of famous authors. Each paper will consist of not more than twelve questions, and will be set by a recognised authority on the subject: *e.g.* Mr. Andrew Lang will set

a paper on Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Owen Seaman one on Robert Browning, and Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch one on R. L. Stevenson. Mr. E. V. Lucas's paper on Charles Lamb is given below.

For the best set of answers to this paper the Editor offers a prize of Two Guineas. The name of the Prizewinner will be announced in the February number of the Magazine, together with the correct answers to the questions.

Competitors must observe the following Rules:

1. Each question or part of each question, marked (a) and (b), must be answered in not more than six words.
2. All replies must be sent in on the printed and perforated form supplied with the Magazine. This form should be folded and sealed, and must be in the hands of the Editor not later than the first post on Monday, January 9, 1911.
3. No correspondence can be undertaken by the Editor, whose decision is final.

PAPER No. 1.

On the 'Essays' and 'Last Essays' of 'Elia.'

By E. V. LUCAS.

1. What were the first words the Lambs used when they were at last in their seats in the gallery of a theatre?
2. (a) What was the effect of butter ill-melted on Charles Lamb? and
(b) What innocent cates did he relish less as he grew less innocent?
3. How did Wharry express his rage when anything offended him?
4. What is the outward desideratum of a volume?
5. What was the procedure of 'Monoculus' to induce a squeamish patient to swallow his medicine?
6. What is a profanation of all the purposes of the cheerful Playhouse?
7. How many of whom started up to explain to Lamb that a certain great poet could not be present at a convivial party? Who was the poet? and why could he not be present?
8. Whose mind was in its original state of white paper?
9. Who was wayward, spiteful K., and what did he borrow from Lamb?
10. (a) When Lamb's aunt once pressed civility out of season, what was the retort she brought upon herself?
(b) Why did Lamb think of the speaker of this retort as prodigiously rich?
11. Of whose countenance could no one say 'It would have been better if she had but a——' what?
12. What reason have we for feeling certain that Lamb had no part of his education at a Jesuit seminary?

